Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr Editor—The following verses were written at a time when misfortune's storms were howling with revenge-ful fury round their author; when the day-dawn was gloom, and the poisoned arrows of persecution which were levelled at him he relentless fate, left little hope of brighter fortune. They possess, to his opinion, but little to interest the readers of a public print: but at the request of some of his friends, who have accidentally seen them, he offers them to you, to be disposed of in such manner as your judgment may approve.

I hate the man who lowers beneath
The rude oppressor's frown;
I hate him, if misfortune's breath
Could melt his spirit down.

I hate the man whom malice bears,
Whose heart with envy glows;
I hate him who, when danger glares,
Would scoop in ruin'ous foes.

I love the man who firm can stand,
When storms are raging round;
I love him, for on ocean strand
His greatness will expound.

I love the man whose noble soul
Defies the tyrant's rod;
I love him—for he scorns control
But my last hit his God.

C.

THE LAMENT.

Addressed to ****.

O tell me not that Summer's past,
And Winter holds his dark control,
For day must hail, basis changed, and cast
Visions of sorrow on my soul.
Are the new sunbeams in my heart,
Come years of misery instead
That all the storms the North hath hurl'd
Upon a shrinking, shuddering world,
Fall not so fiercely—shy present glow
Is genius to the adept in woe,
No look so pleasing—looks unreal
A Moment my hopes may never feel,
The smile, upon my burning cheek,
Is like the moon's bright rays that rest
Upon the sands that inside the beach
That were in joy and hope would exist.

Yes, thou art beautiful, for years
I loved them as them most divine,
But I could love them more to-morrow
To madness if one sigh of thine
Were forceful in penitence for me.
And the unmeasured misery
That I feel inflicted. Yes to know
One ray of thine were laid to flow
In penitence for that deep wrong
Which hath called forth my sorrowing song,
And to my once gay harp alone,
Hath given a melancholy tone;
To know that 'twere a joy to die
Beneath thy bright and blissful eye.

But nay, as thought of bliss so rare gave
Rise here up to thy distress a slave,
And bowed at beauty's shrine,
Thy power in thy mind, or dwells
Upon thy laughing lip that tells
Of joys, shall not adieu.

Be, then art happy, then art blessed,
Careless of anguish in this breast,
Where hoped for the joys of earth
Which why even smiles had given birth,
And round them still dark cankerous'd
Upon the ruins that surrounded
Canst thou still look without a tear
Upon this heart a mouldering,
Where love lies pillowed in despair,
Since, that one in death shadowed
Declare if thou canst think upon
The blasted hopes that now are gone,
The withered bliss that once I knew,
Nor weep to think thou wert untrue.

Yet nay, I will not utter blame
On one so dear in other days,
My lips shall ever breathe thy name,
Connected with the purest praise,
It were unjust, in my sense
The fault were mine—'twas part my own.
The path that first made known to thee
My feelings, then so ecstacy,
Had opened since the blissful deed
That twined me then thy bosom's lord.
Ah, yes, the law love to oldest never,
To be united never, never!

And I am free, aye, free like those
Upon a lonely island cast,
Who feel life's keenest, bitterest woes,
Doomed to look back upon the past,
Without one hope that they again
Shall meet their friends beyond the main.
Yes, I am free like sailors lost
In ships that on the rocks are tost;
Who cling to fragments on the wave,
Without one hope this side the grave.

When memory to my troubled soul
Calls up the joys of former years,
And sooths with balmy control
And wipes the torrent of my tears;
When fancy with her magic powers,
Calls up before me happier hours,
When first I touched the harp to thee,
And to the tones of constancy,
O, then it is that anguish comes,
And busy recollection roams
To every scene, to every word
That ere was uttered, that ere I heard
Fall from thy lips in unfeigned accent
As simple tell, as honest vaunt,
Those scenes are past, those words are o'er —
That softer sun thrill my bosom more,
For days so changed, indeed,
And I am doomed as still bear up
The load of life and drink the cup
Of bitterness, and bleed
Thy coldness, and endure a curse
My heart can never, never claim.
For O, wouldst thou still smile alone,
That every tendril idles were gone,
I should be happy, for thou art
The seat of my aching heart.
And what that but kinder been,
I should not be the child of chance
Thy beauty and thy angel charms
Of mind and manners, and thy arms
Had been a shield protecting me
From sin, and scenes of misery;
For O, in thee I see combined,
All of the charms of woman kind.

After these lovely one—are long
The melancholy harp again
To thee shall pour its genuine song,
To thee address a sadder strain.
O sometimes think, thou fairest one,
Of him thy absence hath undone;
O raise upon the liard whose strain
Is pour'd to thee, tho' pour'd in vain;
For him, O, sometimes shed a tear,
Who often thinks that thou art near,
Nor thinks in vain, for still so kind
As when thou wert to love inclined,
Who still to thee in sorrow mourns,
And o'er the past in silence mourns.

MILFORD BARD.

THE SAVIOUR.

From the toils and trials of a distressing, but short life, follow this illustrious personage to his place of death. Approach his cross and fix your attention on the prodigies which signalize his sufferings, and stamp divinity on their magnitude! Think not that I allude to the terrific agency which in that dread hour was flung round the great theatre of nature. No! 'tis not the darkened sun, the bursting tombs, the quaking mountains, or the trembling world that I allude to. These indeed are prodigies of meekness, humility, and sin-forgiving goodness, displayed in the dying Saviour. When I beheld him amidst the last agonies of dissolving nature, raising his dying eyes to heaven, and forgetful of himself, interceding with the God of mercy, with his last breath, and from his very cross, in behalf of those wretches whose insatiable malice had fixed him there—then it is that the evidence of his claims rises to demonstration, and I feel the resistless force of that impassioned exclamation which burst from the lips of infidelity itself: "If Socrates died as a philosopher, Jesus Christ died like a God."

And shall a worm, covered with crimes, and living on sufferance, in that same world where the agonized Saviour uttered his dying supplication, and left his dying example for imitation—shall such a worm, tumid with resentment, lift his proud crest to his fellow worm, and incapable of mercy, talk of retribution? Nay, blessed Jesus, thy death is an antidote to vengeance. At the foot of thy cross, I forget their injuries, I bury my revenge, and learn to forgive those who have done me wrong, as I also hope to be forgiven of thee.—*Dr. Nott's Address.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

OH! WHERE ART THOU.

Oh! where art thou? I ask the winds
That fluttering pass me by,
And in their own peculiar tone,
They answer with a sigh.

Oh! where art thou, I ask the haunts,
That we were wont to tread,
But a deep silence reats upon
The Clay place of the dead.

Oh where art thou? in scenes of mirth,
Where the gay hearted love
To the glad sounds of minstrelsy,
I whisper where art thou?

And down beside our sloping hill,
And 'neath the old Elm tree,
And by the streamlets grassy brink,
In vain I ask for thee.

I ask for thee, when round the hearth,
Thy fair hair'd sisters crowd,
Where their wild lessons youthful gush,
Dissolves in mirth aloud.

I seek thee in our pastime scenes,
Our earliest sons of glee,
But no responsive voice is heard,
When I have ask'd for thee,

I ask for thee, when the bright sun,
Has sunk in starry even,
Yes, there a voice has answered me,
The loved one, is in Heaven. C. B. W.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweet bud, the rose.

It is a common thing to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature, have convinced me of the contrary, and have satisfied me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, and the pleasures of society, there still is a warm current of affection running through the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly congealed. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and in the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Every one must recollect the tragic story of Emmet, the Irish patriot, for it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affection of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken even the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her whose soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being most loved on earth—who have sat at this threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had parted.

But then the horrors of such a grave, so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory, to dwell upon that could soothe the pang of parting—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt the sorrow into blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the prancing hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have cracked a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement, to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

The person who told me her story, had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trapping of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garnish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that drew a crowd mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great sympathy in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living.—She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependant situation, for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was utterly another's.

He took her with him to Sicely, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

B. C. G. J.

Miseries of an Idler.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

This is a busy world, and repose was not made for man except in his old age. Let philosophers, who know less of themselves than they do of the world, complain of the folly of mankind, in never being satisfied with the situation in which Providence has placed them, and thus losing the present in the anticipation of the future. Let them sneer at their baffled hopes, when arriving at the summit they have been toiling for years to gain, they find it a barren waste, dreary and desolate, unlike the peaceful vale below. Why is it that philosophers study to become wiser than they are, since the acquisition of knowledge no more leads to the happiness of themselves or others, than does the acquisition of wealth and honors? It is, that they may become wiser than the rest of mankind, just as a man labors for wealth, that he may become richer and more powerful. In short, it is that they may be happier than they are; happier than the rest of their fellow creatures. What a dead sea of a world would this be, if we all knew to a certainty that we were quite as happy as our neighbors? All would then be at ease, and all equally miserable. But let my story exemplify my meaning.

I was born and brought up in the Castle of Indolence. My father was a philosopher in his way, for he hated the world, and despised his fellow creatures, for no other reason that I could ever learn, but that having toiled the best part of his life to get rich, and finding that his wealth added nothing to his happiness, he took it in dudgeon, and quarrelled outright with this "Mundane Torrente." I have heard that his first impulse towards money-making, was the hope of gaining a young lady, who had long been the object of his affections, but who disliked his poverty more than she liked his person. He married her at last, but they had waited too long. My father was forty-five, and my mother only ten years younger. At these years it requires a good deal of rubbing to smooth the asperities of old habits. The first disappointment of my father, was in finding that he had been laboring fifteen years to get a wife, who actually sometimes contradicted him, as he verily believed, without reason. What is the use of money, said he, if it don't make a man always right? But though he was not exactly satisfied with his bargain, he loved my mother, and when she died, he was still more disappointed than at his marriage. He shut himself up in an old garret, where he continued to exist, and his money to accumulate, till I grew almost an old man myself, when he died, leaving me a fortune I knew not what to do with, any more than a child.

I was about twelve years old at the death of my mother, and more than thirty when my father died almost at the period of fourscore and ten. From the time he shut himself up in his garret, I became in some degree my own master in all things, except spending money, which, though my father despised, he yet hoarded with the devotion of a miser. He let me do just as I pleased, provided my bills did not amount to more than was absolutely necessary. I went to school, but only when and where I pleased; I floated about with the wind and tide like a lazy ship at anchor; I learned no profession; I knew nothing of the business of this world, and I did nothing, except just what I pleased. I hated study—I hated exercise—I hated noise—I hated company—and above all I hated trouble. I read, it is true, a piece of a book here, and a piece there, and not unfrequently I had half a dozen works in hand at once, none of which I ever finished. So variable and fastidious was my appetite for books, that I sometimes spent whole mornings at the public library, without being able to select one to my satisfaction.

If I had any decided taste, it was for drawing; but this, like all my other propensities, was under the dominion of busy idleness, that would not permit of any thing like a constant attention to one object, but led me by a sort of irresistible influence, from doing nothing in one place, to doing nothing in another. Sometimes after sitting for hours in a becalmed state in my room, I would suddenly seize my hat with an effort, and sally forth in a quick step, resolutely determined to do something. I knew not what; but before I got to the next corner, my impulse evaporated; I became again perfectly becalmed, and after stopping for a while to consider where under heaven I should go, quietly returned to my room again—again to meditate another sally. It can hardly be conceived, except by a kindred spirit, what delight it was for me to have any thing to do, that did not involve either labor or trouble, both which I received with a horror unsurpassable. Nay, I could not bear to see any person hard at work; and my bones imbibed the same sympathy with his labors, that those of Sancho Panza did, with the sore bruises his cage master received in his misadventure with the Yanguesan carriers. It was a relief to me when my pencil wanted cutting—the honing of my razor was a perfect luxury—and helping my landlady to shell peas, the delight of my soul. But these could not last for ever: my principal resources were to consider what I should do, to do nothing, and to whistle quick tunes to make myself believe I was in a great hurry. I formed a close intimacy with a middle-aged person who had left off business, and had much ado to live without it, for the sole purpose of having an antagonist at back-gammon; and we used to spend whole days in playing and disputing whether chance or skill had most to do in winning the game, taking different sides, just as luck happened to be in favor of one or the other. This was a great relief to me while it lasted; but one day my antagonist gammoned me six times in succession. This was the most serious misfortune that had ever yet befallen me; I fell into a great passion, and made so many bitter reflections on my antagonist for his confounded luck, that he put on his hat, left the room, and never played with me afterwards. He was an irreparable loss to me, being almost the only philosophically idle man of my acquaintance. After this I took to playing by myself, and was for a long time, tolerably happy in always taking the winning hand against my old antagonist, who had the cruelty to gammon me six times running. But use wears off the keen edge of pleasure, as it does of a knife, and I grew tired at last, even of being always on the winning side.

Just at this time, Providence threw a furious chess-player in my way, which I look upon as the greatest blessing I ever received. He undertook to teach me, and I accepted his offer with gratitude. The game seemed made on purpose for me—producing, at first, exactly that gentle interest and excitement, so congenial to my soul. It was delightful to have something to do. I sometimes passed hours in studying a move, while my antagonist sat with the patience of a hundred Jobs, waiting for my decision, and cogitating his own. In process of time I had a perfect chess-board delineated on my sensorium, and completely lost the tedium of too much leisure in playing games as I walked the streets, or sat smoking a segar in my easy chair. Nay, I sometimes played games in my sleep, which, if I could only remember them, would shame a Philidor. While I considered myself a mere scholar, I suffered myself to be beaten with perfect docility; but in process of time, as I began to fancy myself a proficient, and my whole soul was absorbed in the game, I did not bear a beating with so much philosophy. I began to be testy, and to revive my old doctrine of chances, insisting upon it, that chance governed this as well as every other game. My master bore all this good-humoredly, and even when I grew at length so irritable, as not to bear a defeat, he would slily get up, open the door, and retire on the outside, before he cried check-mate, for fear I should throw the chess-board at his head. It is inconceivable what trifles will overcome a man who has no serious business in this world. It happened one hot summer day, we got warmly engaged at a game, and had locked ourselves up, that we might remain undisturbed. It lasted eight mortal hours, at the end of which, my antagonist treacherously drew me into a stale mate, when I actually had the game in my power. Unfortunately, his retreat was cut off by the door being locked; the consequence was, that I discharged the chess-board, men, castles, elephants, and all, at his head, with so unlucky an aim, that it check-mated him flat on the floor. The result of this great move was a duel, which I honestly confess was one of the pleasantest events of my life. I had something to do, and something to fear, and the excitement roused me into something akin to actual enjoyment. We exchanged shots without effect, I apologised, and so the affair ended. I invited him to renew our game; but he shook his head, and good-humoredly observed, that much as he loved chess, he feared broken heads and bullets more. The story took wind—nobody would venture to play chess with me after this, and thus I lost my main chance for killing time.

"Too much care will turn a young man gray," as the old song says, and too little is as bad as too much. For want of something else to think about, I began to think wholly of myself. I grew to be exceedingly tenacious of my health, my accommodations, my raiment, and my food. I ate much, walked little, slept enormously, and got the dyspepsia. Having nothing extraneous to love, or to call forth my affections, or excite my ardent hopes and fears, I concentred them all upon myself. The object of our exclusive love, is ever the focus of all our solicitudes, and never fails to call up fears, whether real or imaginary. I had now reached the high hill of life, and was beginning to descend. The little changes of feeling, the slight stiffnesses of the joints, the impaired activity of the limbs, and the waning vivacity of the whole system, which mark this epoch in the life of man, struck me with dismay. I had nothing else for my mind to prey upon, and it fed upon that with the avidity of a diseased appetite. I consulted a doctor, and that did my business. A dose will convince a man he is sick, if he only imagined it before. No physician, who knows his business, will take a fee without giving a prescription in exchange; for a good workman knows how to make business. However, mine turned out a pretty honest fellow. Finding, after a twelvemonth, that I complained worse than ever, he advised me to take exercise, eat sparingly, and ride a hard trotting horse. "A hard trotting horse!" exclaimed I, in inexpressible horror, "I'd as soon ride a race through the city of Gotham." "Very well, then get married; there is nothing like real evils to banish imaginary ones, and matrimony is a sovereign cure." "The remedy is worse than the disease," replied I, and left him in condign despair."

The horrors of a life of perfect ease now crowded thick upon me, and I became the most miserable of all miserable men, that have nothing to trouble them. I grew fat, lethargic, and was teased with a perpetual desire to eat. I ate till eating became a burden; and slept till sleep was little better than a night mare, bringing all the horrors of indigestion in her train. I rolled from side to side; I tried to find a soft place in the bed; I rubbed my feet and hands together to restore the circulation of my blood, and tried to think about something to relieve my mind from vague and undefinable horrors. But what can a man think about, who has nothing to trouble him but himself? I became, at last, unwilling, or more truly, afraid to go to bed, lest I should be hag ridden, and quarrelled with my fellow boarders, who, having something to do by day, could not afford to set up with me all night. The consequence of this loss of rest was, that when I sat still a few minutes during the day, I was sure to fall asleep in my chair. It was one warm summer day, the crisis of my fate, when, having taken a huge walk of half a mile, to see a picture of Leslie's, I returned overwhelmed with lassitude, and fell asleep in my chair. When I awoke, I found a piece of paper pinned to my sleeve, on which I read the following lines—

They say Tom is dead, but the truth I deny,
So come all his friends to be grieved;
How can it be said that a man can quite die,
Who ne'er in his life has quite lived?

I never know who played me this trick; but I shall ever feel grateful for the lesson, severe as it was.

"What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done,"

this well-timed sarcasm achieved. It mortified my pride; it roused my anger; it inflamed my vanity; in short, it created a turmoil, a complete boulversement in my system; the atoms were set in motion; the waters had broken loose; nature was convulsed, and subsided into a newly-constituted world. I started up with a degree of energy unknown for many a year; I paced the room with unnatural activity; and asked myself if it were possible, that I had passed forty years of my life without quite living; that I had been thus far a burden to myself, useless to the world, and an object of laughter to my companions. The struggle was a painful one, and put me into a fine perspiration; but I felt all the better for it. That night I had something to think of except my aches and infirmities, and the nightmare eschewed my couch. I made up my mind to begin the world anew, and falling fast asleep, did not awake till the broad beams of morning darted into my windows. I made an unheard-of effort, and getting up, dressed myself, and was actually down stairs before breakfast was over—whereupon they predicted an earthquake.

From this day I resolved to do something, and be useful. "I'll let them see," quoth I, "I can quite live, as well as other people. I will qualify myself to defend my country; there is a speck of war in the horizon, and every citizen ought to be prepared." I enrolled myself in a volunteer corps, the captain of which having a mistress in a distant part of the town, always marched us home that way after every turn out, which was every day. The reader may possibly form some remote conception of what I underwent in the service of my country, though he can never realise the extent of my sufferings. Conceive the idea of a man of my habits, carrying a musket of fourteen pounds, three hours before breakfast, and marching through thick and thin, mud, dust, and glory, three miles, to pass muster before Dulcinea's windows. I felt inclined to mutiny, and certainly broke the articles of war ten times a day, by privately wishing my captain and his mistress as well married as any couple could possibly be. But the recollection of the man that never in his life had quite lived, caused me to swear on the altar of patriotism, that I would carry arms till the speck of war was removed, though I plunged up to the middle in mud, before the windows of the beautiful damsel. I continued, therefore, to trudge right gallantly up one street and down another, with my musket that seemed like the world on the shoulders of Atlas, solacing myself, by privately cursing the captain for leading us every day such a dance. Fatigue and vexation combined, however, worked a surprising effect upon me; I could sleep comfortably at night; I felt no inclination to sleep in the day; I enjoyed my dinner with wonderful gusto; and began to hold the night mare, the blue devils, and the dyspepsia in defiance. In process of time the speck of war disappeared from the horizon. Our company laid down its arms, and I was in great danger of backsliding, having declined an invitation to become a corporal of artillery; but whenever I found myself relapsing into my old habits, I unlocked my secretary, took out the mischievous epigram, and felt myself inspired to mind my own business, ride a hard trotting horse, get married, or any other deed of daring.

I determined to take the management of my property into my own hands, and attend to my own affairs, which I had hitherto intrusted to the management of a man, who had, I believe, been pretty reasonable in not cheating me out of more than was sufficient to provide for himself and his family. I went to him, and desired a statement of my accounts, with a degree of trepidation that gave me the heart-burn. The man looked at me with equal dismay. Never were two people more frightened; I at the thought of gaining trouble, and he of losing profit. Finding me, however, peremptory, he in a few days presented me with a statement of his accounts, which exhibited a balance against me of a couple of thousands. It puzzled me how this could be; but it would have puzzled me ten thousand times more to find it out. I thought of applying to some experienced friend to examine into the affair; but I had no such friend, and to trust to a stranger, was to incur the risk of still greater impositions. Accordingly, I paid the money,—glad to get off so well, and resolved hereafter to trust only to myself, even though I should be cheated every day.

No one knows the trouble I had from misunderstanding my affairs, or the losses I sustained in consequence of my utter ignorance of the most common transactions of business, and the inevitable suspicions consequent upon it. I did not know what to do with my money, or how to invest it securely, and began seriously to contemplate buying an iron chest, and hoarding in imitation of my father. However, I blundered on, daily diminishing my property by mismanagement, and fretting over my losses. All this time I was consoled, however, by the gradual improvement of my health and spirits. My thoughts ceased by degrees, to prey upon myself, and were drawn off to my affairs. I became busy, brisk, and lively. I defied the nightmare and all her works. I began to relish ease at proper intervals, and in spite of all the troubles and vexations of business, I was ten times better off than when I had nothing on the face of the earth to trouble me—but myself. I began to comprehend the possibility of a man, without any thing to vex him, being the most miserable being upon earth.

Cheered by this unexpected result of a little salutary worldly vexation, I went on with renewed zeal, and took courage to add to a little troubling of the spirit, a little shaking of the body. I actually purchased a horse, and trotted valiantly among the dandy equestrians, very little, at first, to the recreation of mind or body, for nothing could equal the aching of my bones, but the mortification of my spirit, in seeing, as I fancied, every body laughing at my riding. I should have observed that it was this natural shyness, which formed a part of my character, that always stood in the way of my exertions. It kept me from going into company, from the never-to-be forgotten night, when, being seduced into a tea-party, I got well nigh roasted alive, for want of sufficient intrepidity to change my position by crossing the room. It prevented my taking refuge in the excitement of dress; for I never put on a new coat that I did not feel as if I had got into a straight waistcoat, and kept clear of all my acquaintance, lest they should think I wanted to exhibit my finery. In short, I was too bashful for a beau, too timid for a gambler, too proud for a politician; and thus I escaped the temptations of the town, more from a peculiarity of disposition, than from precept or example.

I think I have somewhere read—or perhaps only dreamed—that the pride of man waxed exceeding great, from the moment he had subjected the horse to his dominion. It certainly is a triumph to sit on such a noble animal, tamed perfectly to our will, and to govern his gigantic strength and fiery mettle with silken rein, or a whispered aspiration. It strengthens the nerves and emboldens the spirits—at least it did mine. By degrees, as I began to be accustomed to the saddle, the pains in my bones subsided, and feeling myself easy, I no longer suspected people of laughing at my awkwardness. In the warm season I was out into the country to see the sun rise, and in the winter I galloped in the very teeth of the north west wind, till I defied Jack Frost, and anant my fingers at the freezing point. My health daily improved—my spirits expanded their wings, and fluttered like birds released from their iron cages—and my nerves were actually braced up to the trial of looking a woman full in the face, an enormity I was never capable of before. Between my vexatious in managing my business, and my rides on horseback, I was a new man, and had an idea of proposing my horse as a member of the College of Physicians, had I not apprehended they might think I was joking.

Still there were intervals in which my old infirmity of sitting becalmed at home, doing nothing and nursing blue devils, would come over me like a spider's web, and condemn me to my chair as if by enchantment. These relapses were terrible, and discouraged me beyond measure, for I began to fear that I never should be radically cured. Sitting thus stultified one summer evening, I was startled by a smart slap on my shoulder, and a hearty exclamation of, "what, Tom, at your old tricks—hey!—giving audience to the blues." This was spoken by a merry, careless fellow, who was always full of what the world call troubles, and who—every body said—was to be pitied, because he had a wife and twelve children, and was not worth a groat. But he belied the world and his destiny to boot; was always as busy as a bee by day, and as merry as a lark in the evening, and the more children he had, the blither was he. Nature had decreed he should be a happy man; and fortune had co-operated with her in making him poor.

"Come," said he, "what are you sitting here for, biting your lips, and eating up your own soul—for want of something else. Why don't you sally out somewhere, and do something?"—"What can I do—and where shall I go—I know nobody abroad—and have no ties at home—no fire-side to cheer me of evenings." "Why, become either a beau bachelor, or get married at once, which is better."

"Married! pshaw."

"Aye, married—if your wife turns out a scold that is all you want. You will then have a motive for going abroad. If she is amiable, that is still better—then you will have a motive for staying at home."

"Faith, there is something in that."

"Something!—It is wisdom in a nut-shell.—There's more philosophy in it, than in three hundred folios."

"Well, if I thought—"

"Thought! never think of it at all—you have been all your life thinking, to no purpose—it is time for you to act now. Hav'n't I proved that you must be a gainer either way?"

"Well—well—I believe—I think—I'll think of it."

"Think of a fiddlestick. Do you think a man is the better prepared for a cold bath, by standing half an hour shivering on the brink? No—no—fall in love extempore; you have no time to study characters—and if you had, do you think a man is the wiser for studying a riddle he is destined never to find out? Mark what the poet says."

"What poet?"

"Hang me if I know or care; but he sings directly to my purpose, and is, therefore, a sensible fellow. 'List—list—O list,' as the tailor said.

Love is no child of time, unless it be
The offspring of the moment. O, true love,
Requires no blowing of the lingering spark
To light it to a wild consuming flame.
To linger on through years of sighing dolours,
To write, to reason, to persuade, to worry
Some cold heart into something like an ague—
An icy shivering fit—this is not love:
'Tis habit, friendship, such as that we feel
For some old tree because we've known it long—
No, Tom—all this is but to put the heart at nurse,
Or send it like a lazy school-boy forth
Unwillingly to learn his A B C
Under some graybeard, flogging pedagogue.
Time's office is to throw cold water on,
Not feed the flame with oil."

"And you have been married thirteen years?"

"Yes, and have twelve children, yet I can talk of love—aye, and feel it too. Come, I have a little party at home this evening; come—see—and be conquered."

"Well," said, I starting up, "wait till I make myself a little amiable."

"No—no—I know you of old. If you once have time to consider, you'll get becalmed as sure as a gun. Now or never—this is the crisis of thy fate."

Riding on horseback had made me bold, and I suffered myself to be carried off to the party by my merry friend, who predicted fifty times by the way, that I would be married in less than three weeks.

It was fortunate the distance was small, or my courage would have screed me as it did Bob Acres, and "oozed out of the palms of my hands," before we arrived. My friend hurried me on, talking all the way, without giving me time to think, so that I was in the middle of his little drawing room, before I could collect sufficient courage to run away. I made my bow to the lady, sat down as far as I could from all the females in the room, and felt—nobody can describe what a bashful man feels in such a situation. I fancied every laugh levelled directly at me, and because I felt strange myself, believed that every body considered me a stranger. Luckily there was no fire in the room, or I should have undergone a second roasting; for I am of opinion, if an earthquake had happened, I could not have found the use of my legs sufficiently to run out of the room, unless it had previously been deserted by the awful assemblage. The recollection of this horrible probation, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. Had I an enemy in the world—which I hope I have not—all the harm I wish him would be, to be cursed with that sensitive bashfulness, the offspring of pride and timidity, which, while it makes one think himself an object of universal attention, conveys an irresistible impression that he is some way or other ridiculous. How often have I envied those impudent fellows whom I saw sailing about the ladies, and laughing, chatting, or flirting, with as little apprehension as a moth flutters round a candle. I would have pawned every grain of sense I had in the world, for just as much brass as would have emboldened me to pick up a lady's fan, or sweeten her tea.

I had remained in this situation just long enough to get into an agony of perspiration, when my good friend came over to me, with a request to introduce me to a lady, who sat on the opposite side of the room. I made fifty excuses, but all would not do; he had told her of his intention, and it would look rude for me to decline. Despair, for I verily believe it was nothing else, gave me sufficient strength to rise from my chair; my friend led me up to the lady, introduced me, pointed to a chair next her, and left me to my fate. My hands shook, my forehead became wet with a cold dew, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a roaring in my ears announced that commotion of the nervous system, which always fortells the approach of a night mare. I attempted to speak, with as little success as I had often had in trying to call for help in my sleep, when under the dominion of that foul fiend. Our eyes at length happened to meet, and there was something in a little mischievous smile that sparkled in her eye, and played in the corner of her lip, that called to mind a vision I thought I remembered to have seen before. "I believe you don't recollect me, Mr. Roebuck," said a voice that almost made me jump from the chair, though it was as low, and as sweet as a distant wood dove. I have heard men extolled for marching up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without flinching; but no well authenticated instance of heroism, in my opinion, ever came up to that I exhibited on this memorable occasion, when I answered, in a voice that I almost think was audible, looking her almost in the face the while.—"Indeed, I have not that honor, madam." The effort was decisive; my hands became steady, my forehead resumed its natural warmth, the roaring in my ears gradually subsided, my pulse beat healthfully, and my nerves settled down into something like self-possession. My neighbor followed up my reply, by reminding me that we had been at school together a long while ago—though I recollected she was much younger than myself—spoke of many little kindnesses I had done her at that time, and how vain she was of being the pet, of not only the biggest, but the handsomest boy in the school. "You are much altered," said she, "and so am I—but I recollected you, as soon as you came into the room. I was determined to renew our acquaintance, and to make the first advances—for I remember you used to be a shy boy." "Yes," said I, "and I am a shy man to my sorrow; but I can still feel delighted at meeting my little favorite again in the shape of a fine woman"—and I believe the very d——l got into me, for I seized her hand, and squeezed it so emphatically, that she blushed, and smiled mischievously, as I continued begging her pardon for not recollecting her, and apologising for being such a shy fellow. The recollection of past times and youthful days, the meeting of old friends, and the recalling of early scenes and attachments, come over the heart of man, as the spring comes over the face of nature—waking the early songsters, touching the little birds and blades of grass with her magic wand into sensation, and putting the whole vivifying principle of expansion, growth, warmth, life, love, and beauty, into sprightly and exulting activity. As the ice-bound brook signalizes its release from the cold, rigid, inflexible chain of winter, by its eternal murmurs, so did I my enfranchisement from the tongue-tied demon of silent stupidity, by an overflow of eloquence such as alarmed my very self. I revelled in the recollections of the past; a dawning intimation of the future danced before my wakened fancy, distant, obscure, and beautiful. I talked like a Cicero of Congress, whose whole year's stock of eloquence has been frozen up by a Lapland winter, and suddenly set going by a spring thaw—lamented my shyness—and again shook her hand most emphatically, to corroborate my assertion, that I was the shyest man in the world. I think I may truly affirm, that I enjoyed more of actual existence in one hour after this recognition, than I had for the last fifteen years, and was swimming in the very bosom of Elysium, when, happening to look towards my merry friend, I caught him in the very act of laughing at me most inordinately. O reader, if thou art, peradventure, a bashful man, or, what is still more rare, a bashful woman, thou canst tell what it is to have the cold water of a mischievous laugh thrown upon the warm embers of a newly-awakened sentiment just lighting into a blaze. Like the traveller of the Swiss valleys, thou wilt find thyself, in one single moment, at one single step, transported from the region of flowers, fruits, and herbage, to the region of eternal ice—from the glowing embraces of laughing spring, to the withering grasp of frowning winter.

I was struck dumb, "and word spake never more" that night. My little school-mate, finding she could get nothing more out of me, changed her seat, and left me alone, bowling—no, not bowling—but lost in the silent wilderness of stupefaction, where I remained, to see, as I thought, my host and the lady, making themselves right merry at my expense. I thought I could tell by the motion of their lips that they were talking of me; every word was a dagger, and every look a winged arrow tipt with poison. People may talk of the rack, the knout, the stake, the bed of Procrustes, and the vulture of Prometheus, but all these are nothing compared to the agonies of a sensitive, bashful man, when he thinks himself an object of laughter.

With a mortal effort, such as I never made before, and never shall again, I got up from my chair, made my bow, and rushed out of the room in a paroxysm of wounded sensibility and unappeasable wrath. The next day my merry pleasant friend came to see me, and inquire how I liked his party, and what I thought of my little school mate. I was grim—horribly grim, mysterious, and incomprehensible; I was too proud to acknowledge my wounds, or to do any thing more than hint at her being a giggling thing—I could not bear to see a woman always laughing, nor old friends that took such liberties with people as some people did. In short, I was as crusty as Will Waddle, after his half year's baking.

"Hey-day!" cried my merry friend, "which way does that perverse weathercock of thine point now? What is the matter with the 'shy gentleman,' hey?"

"There, there! By heaven I knew it—I knew how it was—I'm not quite so blind as some people think me—I'm not deaf—"

"No, nor dumb either, faith, I'll say that for you, friend Tom; you talked last night for the next hundred years. But how do you like my cousin? she has done nothing but talk of you this morning—"

"Yes, and she did nothing but laugh at me last night!" Out it came; I could hold no longer.

"Laugh at you; with you, you mean; why, you were the merriest couple in the room."

"Except yourselves, after she left me—"

"Well, what if we did laugh—you can't expect to have all the laughing to yourself."

"O no—by no means—not I; you may laugh till doomsday; only I wish you would find somebody else to laugh at."

"Somebody else!—Why what do you mean, Tom?"

"Why d——n it, sir, I mean that you were laughing at me from the moment she left my side," cried I, stalking about the room in great wrath.

"No such thing, upon my serious honor; we should both scorn such ill manners, and particularly towards you. She was describing the airs and affectation of a party of fashionable upstarts she met in the steam-boat, returning from the great northern tour."

"What did you keep looking at me every now and then for?"

"I do, most truly—with all the ardor of youth, and all the steadiness of an old bachelor. And yet I will not marry her, even if she is willing.

"No—why?"

"She has twice the merit, twice the fortune, and a hundred times the beauty I have; the balance would be all on one side."

"Very well, we shall see," answered he, and away he went, leaving me in a flutter of timidity and hope. This is not intended for a love tale—I shall therefore hurry over this part of my story. It is sufficient to say, that my little school-mate behaved nobly. I went to see her. "You would have bestowed your fortune upon me when you were rich—I will bestow mine upon you now you are poor. True, it is but little—but I will make it up in prudence and affection." We married, and I entered into trade with my active merry friend. For some years we toiled through the vexatious routine of bargain and sale, buying and selling, and not making much for our pains. In the meantime a little flock of boys and girls sprung up about me, and, like the fresh brooks and fountains which attract the roots of the old trees that lack refreshing moisture, called off my gnawing anxieties, and carking cares, towards objects that excited a more wholesome, gentle, nay, delightful solicitude. Toil, exertion, and economy, became pleasures, because I had somebody to strive for; and I felt myself every day gaining courage, confidence, strength, and hilarity, in the busy scuffle I was engaged in. I can safely say, that during the whole of this period of delightful anxieties, I never once imagined myself sick; I had no more heart-beatings and heart-burnings—no tremblings, trepidations, and cold perspirations—nor was I once ridden by my old enemy, the nightmare. When the cares of the day were past, I could sit down and enjoy the refreshment of ease; and it was delightful, after the keen encounters of skill, sagacity and bargaining, which occupied the day, to open my heart among those I could trust with my whole soul, and rely upon with the faith of a martyr.

By degrees, owing to the good management of my merry partner, and something to my own care and attention, fortune began to smile upon us, and our acquisitions gradually grew to exceed all our wants. Every year now adds to the means of educating my children well, and leaving them a competence when I shall be no more. In short my tale is at an end, and its moral completed. I am now happy in my wife—happy in my children—who, I am determined, shall never pine, if I can help it, in the enjoyment of perfect ease. I have excellent health; am almost as gay as my merry partner and friend; and have no fear except that of getting so rich that I shall be tempted to retire from business, before I am old enough to enjoy a life of ease.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Difference between a Whig and Tory Chancellor.

Plunkett, the father, good and patriot pure,
Having six boys, gives each a sinecure;
While Eldon, having but an only son,
Is forced to give six sinecures to only one.

PARIS.—The character of the Parisians is totally altered. In the early days of the Cholera it was, with almost all persons, a subject for indecent mirth, and the pretext for the populace to commit outrages the most disgraceful. Alarm has superseded preconceived gaiety and incredulity. The Boulevards, public walks and gardens, are comparatively deserted—the theatres are comparatively empty. Every [illegible] each holds his (or her) handkerchief to the mouth, impressed with the belief that the disease is in the atmosphere, and that to respire is death. No man laughs, or appears amused: even the street minstrels—that unwearied class of the industrious—have become silent, or have fled the city. I verily believe that the only pleasurable sensation experienced in Paris at the moment arises from the exercise of benevolence; and, to their honor be it spoken, that virtue is practised in an extraordinary extent by the Parisians. The weather is said to have an unhappy influence on the general health and spirits of the inhabitants of the city at this time, and to contribute mainly to the progress of the scourge. The sky continues almost cloudless, the sun to shine with dazzling splendor, and the wind to blow nearly a gale, with the most chilling, or rather, piercing coldness.

MARRIAGE.—The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed, to one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children. He is afraid to make shame their inheritance.

LONDON POLICE.—MANSION HOUSE.—*Pauper Reconvicted.*—Mrs. Rebecca Higgins, a stout, matronly-looking female, was brought before the Lord Mayor, on the charge hereinafter mentioned. James Lowe, church-warden of Allhallows, said the female at the bar was one of his paupers, and for a long time had been living at their poor house in Surrey. On Saturday last, she applied to him to advance 20s., stating that she had the means of procuring her livelihood in the country, and if he advanced that sum, she would set off by the waggon for Exeter that night, and would faithfully promise to trouble the parish no more. The money was accordingly handed over to her, but in a few hours he learned she had been taken in charge by a policeman whilst in a state of beastly intoxication. The policeman stepped forward, and said he observed the woman in the Kent road quite drunk, in company with a noted thief; suspecting the intention of her companion, he followed them into a house in Kent street, from whence he took the woman and lodged her in the station house. On her person only 17s. 6d. of the 30s. she had received in the morning was found. The defendant attempted to look very penitent, and solemnly declared that she was not in the habit of getting drunk, appealing to the churchwarden to confirm the fact, that she had only been "disguised in liquor," three times within the last three months. She also stated that she paid a penny man 8s. 6d. for writing her a "character," as she expected to get a housekeeper's situation. The following is a copy of her eight and sixpenny bargain:—"The Bearer Mrs. Higgins is of grate respectabaleability—and his a most excellent dumsyar and a cooblan capesity—She nows all sorts of cookary and gets up plane linnen. She as lived ate years in her last place and bare a hummingpeachble carrotter—She is perticely sober and never drinks nothing but what does her good—will be found a great accusation for a housekeeper to a singel gentleman or would shute a widerwer.—The lasley were she last lived gives her this carreter and never would parted from her but she goes on the Countenant." The Lord Mayor was about to send her to Bridewell, notwithstanding her "carreter," but from her entreaties, and the intercession of the Churchwarden, she was allowed to leave the office.

The following analytical table of the ravages of the Cholera in the various European countries, which it visited previous to its appearance in France and England, has been published by a German paper.

PLACES.	INHABITANTS.	CASES.	DEATHS.	Of 1,000 inhabitants were attacked.	Of 1,000 attacked, died.	Proportion of the sick to the living.
Moscow	350,000	8,478	4,690	24.5	514	1 to 19
St. Petersburg	360,000	9,345	4,651	25.9	497	1 to 18
Riga	65,000	2,000	1,000	30.7	500	1 to 18
Dantzic	60,000	1,800	1,000	30.0	555	1 to 17
Berlin	220,000	2,070	1,278	9.4	617	1 to 15
Vienna	320,000	1,500	1,000	4.6	666	1 to 14
Hamburgh	150,000	1,000	600	6.6	600	1 to 14
Prussia	2,000,000	8,578	4,690	4.2	546	1 to 17
Poland	4,000,000	16,000	8,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Gallicia	3,000,000	12,000	6,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Hungary	12,000,000	48,000	24,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Bohemia	3,000,000	12,000	6,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Moravia	1,500,000	6,000	3,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Silesia	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Saxony	1,500,000	6,000	3,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Bavaria	4,000,000	16,000	8,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Wurtemburg	1,500,000	6,000	3,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Baden	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Rhine	2,000,000	8,000	4,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Hesse	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Brunn	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Brunswick	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Magdeburg	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Hanover	1,500,000	6,000	3,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Oldenburg	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Holland	2,000,000	8,000	4,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Belgium	4,000,000	16,000	8,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
France	32,000,000	128,000	64,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Spain	12,000,000	48,000	24,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Portugal	3,000,000	12,000	6,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Italy	20,000,000	80,000	40,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Switzerland	2,000,000	8,000	4,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Denmark	2,000,000	8,000	4,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Sweden	3,000,000	12,000	6,000	4.0	500	1 to 18
Norway	1,000,000	4,000	2,000	4.0	500	1 to 18

It was remarked at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and in many other places, that previous to the breaking out of the Cholera, the atmosphere was obscured by clouds of insects.—The city of Lille is at this time completely covered with gnats. A calculator has amused himself with ascertaining the number collected upon one square metre of a wall in the town. The whole of these walls comprise a surface of 3,750,000.000 square metres, (about 4,485,114,600 square yards,) each metre having, on an average, a milligramme in weight of gnats, the result of which is, that the aggregate of these insects when dead, formed a mass of putrid matter, weighing 3,750 kilogrammes, or 8,271 lbs., a weight equal to that of at least fifty human carcases, and which remained in this state in the streets.

ANIMAL GRATITUDE.—An English writer says—Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them happy and contented. Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their noses.—My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread.

GOLDEN PIPES.—Catherine II. was so fond of this apple, that she was regularly supplied with it from England; and in order that she might have it in the greatest perfection, each apple was enveloped in silver paper before it was packed.—*Philip's Hist. Account Brit. Fruit.*

A Doctor of Hamburg is said to have invented a surgical instrument, with which a diseased leg may be amputated in less than a second. The pressure exercised so completely benumbs the part, that the patient suffers little or nothing under the operation.

In ancient Egypt, when a cat happened to die in a house, the whole family shaved their eyebrows; when a dog died, the head and the whole body

Evening Post.

Office No. 12 Hudson's Alley, where all kinds of book, pamphlet, and ornamental job printing is executed, at a short notice, on the most reasonable terms. Subscriptions for the Post and Casket also received. All post paid letters, directed as above, will be promptly attended to.

A CARD.

MR. HAYDON'S splendid picture of CHRIST'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, will be removed from Philadelphia to New York, in a few weeks.—This notice is given thus early, to do away an impression which prevails: that it is to be a *permanent fixture* at the Adelphi. It will visit all the principal cities of the union, and may never return again.

It is to be seen every day from 8 o'clock in the morning, until 10 at night. The early morning light, is very fine on the picture, and it is seen to great advantage by lamp light. It is presumed that few citizens of Philadelphia will suffer this splendid production to leave the city without visiting it.

A little girl in Southwark was, on Tuesday last, sent by her mother to make a purchase of cakes, with a five penny bit. While in the street she was met by a very well dressed white woman, who inquired of her relative to her errand, and told her that she could purchase the cakes for her at a better rate. She accordingly took the piece of money and directed the child to await her return. She waited several hours, to the great alarm of her parents, but neither woman, cakes, nor fip came back.

Was drowned in the Delaware river, about 2 miles below the Navy Yard, on Sunday morning the 3d inst. a young man by the name of John Harrap. Harrap and two other men were in a sail boat, a sudden gust of wind upset the boat. The two surviving men clung to the boat, and were fortunately relieved by the captain of a sloop, who timely came to their assistance.

We have before us a very small work, published by Mr. Ash, in Chesnut street, entuled "Infant Instructor, and Mother's Manuel for Infant and primary Schools and Families, by M. M. Carll. This is a practical work, one that should be in the hands of teachers and parents as a perfect *vade mecum*.—The Rev. Mr. Carll, who makes an offering of the little work, has a claim upon the gratitude of our fellow citizens, for his labors in the cause of infant education,—to him, especially, are we indebted for the philosophical turn, and consequent usefulness of these schools. His reward, the only reward he sought, must be ample in the present success of his labors—but a public expression of public gratitude for his labors, is due to one who has done so much for so good a cause.

Another disgraceful fight, or "stushing mill," as it is termed, took place between two persons, near Baltimore, on Saturday last, for a wager of $500 a side. The combatants were Andy M'Lean, of Philadelphia, and William Harrington, a butcher of this city. The latter was victorious. His getting a stall in one of the markets, we understand, was in some way made contingent upon his success in this fight. It is a pity that all concerned in affrays of this nature could not be severely punished.

His Excellency, Gov. Hamilton, of S. C. has issued his proclamation under date of the 21st of May, offering a reward of 300 dollars for the apprehension of Lucy Skipper, for the murder of her illegitimate child in Horry District, and another proclamation under date of the 18th of May, for the apprehension of a slave named Reuben, the property of Hugh McCall, of Marion District, for the murder of his master. Lucy Skipper is represented to be about 19 or 20 years of age, above the ordinary height, of a light complexion, blue eyes, and of ready speech. Reuben is described to be about 32 years of age, a negro of dark skin, intelligent and bold in his manners. He has two scars under his left ear which were made by a knife in a fight. He is stout and square built, and about 5 feet 10 inches in height.

The Richmond Whig states that a destructive fire occurred in Manchester (near Richmond) on Friday night. It originated in the kitchen of Mr. McDonald, between 12 and 1 o'clock, and swept off near or quite thirty buildings, the fire in progress when arrested. Six of the buildings destroyed, were on the main street, in the centre of the town; the others on a cross street, with out-houses, connected with the principal buildings. The principal sufferers are John Turnip, the estate of William Bottom, Mr. McDonald, Archibald Bott, Zachariah Hall, Henry A. Bridgewater, Beverly Sizer, and William W. Weisiger.

Recently, in Chenango county, N. Y. a physician recovered 300 dollars of a man for charging him with having purposely spread the small pox with the intention of killing the slanderer, and with actually producing the death of his brother. It is to be hoped that after this gentle *bleeding* of his purse, the defendant will be a little more careful in his talk.

The brig Margaret at New York, brought letters from Havana, to the 18th ult. Rocafuarte, the new Governor General of Cuba, arrived on the 14th, and immediately commenced the duties of his office, by making a general change of the subordinate officers, with the intention of effecting a reform in the administration of affairs, and particularly in the police of Havana.

A stage in which were several methodist clergymen, returning home from the General Conference, in descending Pollock Monition, about ten miles this side of Cumberland, was precipitated over a precipice, and the following persons injured:—Bishop Soule, lip cut, and slightly bruised; Rev. David Young, collar bone broken, and otherwise much bruised; Rev. J. B. Finley, face and arm bruised and cut; Rev. A. N Elliot and Rev. T. A. Morris, bruised; Rev. Mr. Green, arm broken; Rev. Mr. Edmondson, face mangled.

We learn from the Mount Holly Mirror, that at the Court of Oyer and Terminer held in that place during the last week, Justice Ford presiding, Elna Freeman, a colored woman, was tried for the murder of her husband. She was found *Guilty*, and sentenced to be hung on the 20th of July next. A commutation in the same paper suggests that the execution should take place within the walls of the prison, according to the practice now adopted in New York. We entirely concur in the suggestion: experience has clearly shown that no good results from public executions.—On the contrary, they are productive of much evil, and usually draw hundreds and even thousands from their employments, from no other motive than curiosity: a strange one, to be sure, but, still very natural, as it shows the force of habit and precedence. The accounts which we see from time to time of such occurrences, usually state that they present a scene of intemperance and vice of various kinds. Their inefficiency to deter others from the commission of a similar crime, is forcibly shown in the fact, that a year or two since, in the state of N. York, a murder was committed by one person upon another who was returning with him from witnessing such a spectacle.

ANOTHER MODE OF DESTRUCTION.—A number of men were collected at Mr. Ezekiel Purdue's, in Cumberland County, Ky. on the 5th inst. for the purpose of rolling logs, and went into a field which abounded with dry standing timber. A party consisting of six men and a boy, went to work near a tree that was burning, and just as they were preparing to lift a log, it fell immediately on the company. Joseph Myres, John Huff, jr. and James Brisle, were instantly killed; A. M. Perdue was mortally wounded, and shortly expired. Samuel Pitman, and the boy were badly wounded, and John Huff, sen. was the only one of the seven who escaped unhurt. Mr. Huff has had a wife and nine children, and Mr. Huff, jr. had very recently been married. The remainder were young unmarried men, no person depending on them for support.

The New Orleans Courier, of the 18th inst. contains a correspondence between Col. Vasquez, the Military Commandant at Vera Cruz, acting under the orders of Gen. Santa Anna, and J. A. Cameron, Esq. Consul of the United States at that place. The Colonel, in a letter dated 4th ult. demands payment, within 48 hours, of the bonds due by the American merchants to the Mexican government, and threatens the seizure of their property, and imprisonment of their persons, in case of failure. Our Consul, in a spirited letter, dated on the following day, declares the utter inability of the merchants, from the stagnation of business growing out of the operations of Gen. Santa Anna himself, which has cut off all communication with the interior, from whence the means of payment are derived, to meet these demands; and denies, even were it in his power, the propriety of their doing so, as the Mexican government, to whom the bonds were given, have expressly forbid their payment, except into the public treasury at the city of Mexico, or to some authorized agent of the existing government. We do not know whether an attempt to enforce payment has been made.

The Boston Gazette says:—"We are informed that the Court Martial which recently held its sitting in the Old Court House, for the trial of Lieut. Col. G. T. Winthrop, of the Independent Cadets, has been formally dismissed, after running the State in debt several hundred dollars. The Col. was found guilty on every charge—neglect of duty, unofficerlike conduct, &c.—and the Court sentenced him to be reprimanded in orders. The sentence has been carried into effect. The reprimand of Gov. Lincoln is said to be couched in *dignified* and *severe* terms. The Col. retains his sword for future service.

A hurricane was experienced in Tennessee, on the 7th ult. A methodist meeting house, several dwelling houses, kitchens, stables, fences, trees, &c. were blown down.—The roof of a new court-house was blown off, while a carpenter was at work in the upper story of the building. He sprang from the window, and was bodly hurt.

Capt. Hewitt, at Mobile, from New York, makes the following report—On the 12th of May, at 4 o'clock, P. M. fell in with H. B. M. man of war schooner Fire Fly, laying too, with her head E. by S. Her boat came off from shore: she hoisted her jib and filled away. The wind being South, I was close hauled, hauling WSW. The schooner a point under my lee bow. I saw she was trying to weather me, and would certainly get athwart my bawse, the ship going six nots. I put my helm to port, but finding I could not clear, put my helm to starboard, which barely cleared our sides touching. He luffed under my stern, and hailed: "Who in hell are you?" My colors being set at the time, my answer was, my colors would certify who I was. He fired a six pound shot, which struck within a foot of my rudder, and then gave orders to shoot the damn'd Yankee's colors down. I fired again at my colors, myself standing on the ship's round house; his ball passed between my main and mizen masts, so near my right shoulder I could hear it whiz. I hove to; his boat came on board with a Midshipman, to know the ship's name and where bound. His excuse for firing was, that I came near running him down.* From the situation of both vessels, I feel justifiable in asserting, that any nautical man will coincide with me in opinion that his Majesty's commander acted the part of a coward and no sailor.

FRED. HEWITT, Master.

* By this midshipman I sent my compliments to the commander of the Fire Fly, to say that his action was that of a coward, and that, if ever met by me in any port, I should hold him to personal responsibility for his conduct.

CITY COUNCILS.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 4.

In the Select Council, Mr. Toland presented a petition from the heirs of George Rickham, praying that a drain may be made to enter the common sewer, at the corner of Sixth and Arch streets, which was referred to paving committee.

A petition from Mr. John Livezey was received, asking Councils to dispose of a lot belonging to the city, and adjoining Race street wharf.

Mr. Deane offered a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to take charge of certain property belonging to the estate of Stephen Girard, which, in consequence of doubts respecting title, has not been placed under the control of either the residuary devisees, or the heirs at law. It was postponed for the present.

Mr. Deane reported an ordinance in relation to the erection of wooden buildings, which was ordered to be printed.

A communication from the President of the Board of Inspectors of the State Penitentiary was read, praying Councils would act promptly upon the subject of a poudrette, which has become extremely offensive to the neighborhood of the prison. It was referred to the poudrette committee.

A communication was received from the officers of the Board of Health, on the subject of Cholera, requesting Councils to adopt additional measures for cleansing the streets, lanes, and alleys of the city, as the most likely means of mitigating the severity of the disease when it shall arrive. Also, that all pig pens, and other nuisances may be removed. It was referred to a special committee.

Mr. Lippincott as chairman of the Committee to visit the lands of the late Stephen Girard, made the ANNEXED REPORT, which was ordered to be printed.

The Committeee appointed by Councils to visit the lands in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, bequeathed to the city by the late Stephen Girard, report:

That they proceeded in the performance of that duty, to those lands, where by previous arrangement, they met his agent, Mr. William Lloyd, who accompanied the committee in exploring them, and to whose attention, experience, and knowledge of location, they are much indebted.

In order to give an intelligible description of the lands, it will be proper to divide them into the eastern and western sections.

The western section comprises about ten thousand acres forming an oblong plot, the nearest point of which is situated about seven miles west of Pottsville, and about five miles from the western extremity of the present Norwegian and Pottsville Rail-road. The Mahony and Shanandon Creeks run through the centre of this section of land, a distance of about six miles, within a few rods of which, the whole distance, large veins of the best quality of anthracite coal are discovered, some of which are opened lying near the surface, that may be worked with great facility, and are believed to be inexhaustible. Along those streams the land is covered with a large body of excellent timber, principally white pine, white oak, and hemlock; many of the trees are of enormous size. The Pottsville and Danville Rail-road is located to run about six miles through this section of land, within a few yards of, and parallel with the veins of coal the whole extent.

Mr. Girard believing this portion of his lands extremely valuable, caused to be erected three large saw mills, of great capacity for sawing, and built in his usual style for strength and durability—two of them on the Mahoney, and one on the Shanandon Creek, both of which are said to be never failing streams. Two of those mills are each capable of sawing thirty thousand feet of boards weekly, the other requires some alterations to enable it to perform equally well. The lumber sawed by those mills, was intended, by Mr. Girard, to have been transported to Pottsville, and from thence to Philadelphia by canals, which it is confidently believed would have been accomplished at a moderate expense. There are also five small log dwelling houses near those saw mills, within about a quarter of a mile of each other. This point is called Girardsville, and is ten miles distant from Pottsville by the contemplated railroad.

The cost of cutting logs, hauling, sawing, and piling the boards at the mills, is $3.25 and $3.50 per thousand feet by contract.

Mr. Girard, to increase the value of those lands, and to convey their products to market at a moderate expense, subscribed largely, through his agent, for the construction of the rail-road, located to pass through them, from Danville and Sunbury, on the Susquehanna, to Pottsville.

That portion of this section of land which borders on Mahoney and Shanandon creeks, when cleared will be valuable as farm land. The soil is rich.

There has been constructed at much expense by direction of Mr. Girard, a good road, nearly the whole length of this section of land, and connecting with the turnpike; he also directed it to be continued about six miles further, for the convenience and connection by a road of the two sections of his lands, three or four miles of which is absolutely necessary. He likewise caused a large quantity of timber to be cut and prepared for sawing. 100,264 feet of white pine boards, are cut and piled up at the mills, ready for market, and there remain about eight hundred logs cut and ready for that purpose.

The improvements of every description have been suspended. About one half of this section of land is mountainous, and comparatively of little value.

Having given a short description of the western section, comprising the coal lands, the Committee proceed to describe the eastern section, which, with a long strip of mountain land, connecting the two sections, comprise about twenty thousand acres. The Catawissa creek runs through a part of this section, a distance of about six miles, on each side of which lands the land is of good quality for farming, embracing an area of about three thousand acres. There are seven small farms, with dwellings, barns, orchards, &c. and about five hundred acres of cleared land, five saw mills, most of which are out of order; at one of those mills, there is twenty-five thousand feet of white pine boards ready for market. There are likewise two grist mills, both of which require some repairs. On the Catawissa Creek there is a large proportion of the lands covered with excellent large white pine, hemlock, white oak, and poplar timber fit for sawing. The remainder of this eastern section of land is generally mountainous, and of little value.

Mr. Girard's intentions, as far as we could learn, from reading his letters, &c., were to repair one of the grist mills, also, one or two of the saw mills on this section, and to have gradually cleared his lands in Catawissa Valley, preparatory to laying out all such parts as were suitable for farming purposes, as expected to be supplied with the large population that would be required in the western section, or coal district, with grain and other necessaries.

The Committee recommend that the land in the Catawissa Valley be laid out of suitable size for farms, and improving leases to tenants, stipulating for their clearing a certain number of acres yearly, fencing the same, and gradually putting the farms in order. The present tenants have all been warned off.

The Committee also viewed the scite purchased by Mr. Girard at Mount Carbon for a landing place. It is about seven hundred feet front on the Schuylkill, and extends twelve hundred feet westward therefrom, and is situated about four hundred yards below the termination of the Mount Carbon Rail-road, which is to be continued down to this landing; to this Rail-road we understand Mr. Girard has loaned to the amount of $50,000. The rail-road which is to pass through Mr. Girard's coal lands, is to connect with the Mount Carbon Rail-road, and the wharves which he intended to have constructed at this point, were for the deposit of his coal and lumber, to be ready for transportation by the Schuylkill canal to Philadelphia.

The expense of wharving and fitting up this piece of ground to render it suitable for the purpose intended, would in the opinion of the Committee, be about $3500; and judging from the rent of similar property in its neighborhood, it would command, when improved, about $400 a year.

About one-fourth of the whole quantity of Mr. Girard's lands may be rendered very valuable and productive.

The Committee were in the neighborhood of the line of the Pottsville and Danville Rail-road, desirous of viewing it in its different parts, and believing their instructions embraced all matters connected with Mr. Girard's lands, proceeded on to Danville and Sunbury, the points of its termination on the Susquehanna, viewing, in their route, various points through which it would pass, and after obtaining all the information they were enabled to collect through Mr. Maurice Robinson, the Engineer, and others, respecting its location, practicability, &c., the Committee were forcibly impressed with the great advantage its completion would be to the country, generally, as well as to Mr. Girard's lands, and to the city of Philadelphia in particular, as furnishing a cheap, safe and expeditious means of transporting, by the shortest practicable route from the north and west branches of the Susquehanna, the vast quantities of produce which pass by them on their way down to tide water.

The Committee learn with pleasure since their return to the city that the Executors of Mr. Girard have determined to comply with his subscription to the rail-road.

The Committee recommend that Mr. Wm. Boyd, agent of Mr. Girard, (in whom the Committee have the fullest confidence) be continued in employment on the lands, with instructions to complete the various improvements intended to have been made by him, as hereafter enumerated, and that he cause the different saw mills on the Mahoney and Shanandon to be set at work with as little delay as possible, to cut up the timber already prepared, as well as such as may be cut down in clearing land, &c., into boards and planks, &c., which may be piled up near the contemplated rail-road, where they will become seasoned and ready for transportation by the time the rail-road is completed, and may be disposed of to advantage, or used in the construction of the buildings in Mr. Girard's scite, as intended by him. Those saw mills may likewise afford great facility in furnishing the necessary lumber for the rail-road, should the contract ordered to Mr. Boyd be concluded with the engineer, for the supply of rails and sleepers for that undertaking, which he should be instructed to obtain, if such terms are offered as shall be considered advantageous.

Memorandum of improvements referred to above, viz:

A stone dwelling house for Superintendent at Girardville, 36 feet by 45 feet, two stories high, plastered, estimated at	$3,500 00
100 acres of land to be cleared for hay, pasture, and vegetables,	1,000 00
To alter the new saw mill on the Shanandon,	300 00
To repair an old saw mill on do. called Boon's mill, with dam, &c.	350 00
To complete a new road to connect the two sections of land, about six miles,	2,400 00
	$6,550 00
On the eastern section there is much need of a house at the grist mill, near the Catawissa bridge. The Committee recommend the construction of a stone dwelling house, 32 by 24 feet, plastered: estimated cost	$1,500 00
Also, they recommend the immediate repair of the above mentioned grist mill, and saw mill adjoining: estimated cost	1,500 00
Dr.	$9,550 00

The various improvements recommended to be made by your Committe, they confidently believe are in strict conformity with the written instructions and directions of Mr. Girard, to his agent, Wm. Boyd; and were planned by him with great skill, for the promotion of his ultimate designs.

In concluding this report, your Committee would briefly state:

That although vast bodies of anthracite coal are to found in many parts of the interesting and important section of the state in which those lands are situated, we are of opinion, that no part of it abounds with the important article of fuel in greater abundance, or of better quality than those selected by Mr. Girard. There is no article through the means of which his benevolent intentions would have been more generally felt, or more extensively diffused—and being of indispensible necessity, every means of increasing the facility of its transportation should be promoted.

Your Committee cannot but reflect with gratitude on the advantages that may result not only to the present, but to future generations, from the foresight and magnanimity of Stephen Girard, in bestowing on the city so magnificent and lasting a treasure.

The Dinner given to Mr. Washington Irving, at the City Hotel, New York, on Wednesday, was very numerously attended, and the entertainments was, in all respects, such as well comported with the interesting occasion. The spacious assembly room of the City Hotel was literally crowded with the fellow citizens of this distinguished poet, all eager to join in rendering a tribute of honor to one who has done so much to advance the honor of his land. Chancellor Kent presided, assisted by Philip Hone, and J. Duer, Esqrs.; Professor Renwick, F. T. Ogden, Charles Swartwout, and Charles Graham, Esqrs. vice-presidents.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2.

POLICE OFFICE.—Henry Hill, a young man, apparently about 20 years of age, who was in the employ of Baker, Johnson, & Co., Merchant Tailors of this city, was apprehended a few days since upon a charge of embezzling clothing from their establishment. Upon his arrest, he made a full confession of the fact, and admitted that he had been long in the practice of carrying away a piece or two of clothing at a time, until the extent of his depredations amounted, probably to two thousand dollars. The property was generally sold and pledged to pawnbrokers, and second hand dealers in this city, from whom about three hundred dollars worth has since been received and restored to the owners. Hill, when brought to the Police Office, was so exceedingly affected, as to entreat the magistrates to grant him an indulgence of an hour to compose himself previous to his examination. This was granted, but at the expiration of that time, he was still laboring under the effects which were produced upon his mind, from contemplating, with appalling horror, the disgraceful consequences which were to follow his detection—large drops of sweat rolled from his forehead, and notwithstanding the soothing and sympathising language of those about his person, the blood rushed from his nostrils. His emotions, however, exhibited by any violence of manner, or tears, but appeared to be the inward workings of the mind. The magistrates humanely delayed his examination, for the purpose of affording him time to become composed and collected, and for that purpose committed him temporarily to the custody of the keeper of the City Prison. Here he remained from Wednesday afternoon until Thursday, when his mental agonies overcoming his physical strength, he expired! He at no time exhibited the least aberration of mind, but fell a victim to his own folly and sensibility. Let his case be an admonition!

A printer in Cincinnati advertises a runaway apprentice, of whom he gives the following description:—

"He is about eighteen years of age, and about five feet seven inches high; light complexion; sandy hair; stout built; bow legged; takes long strides, and leans forward as he walks; has been *stage struck* for several months past, and will probably endeavor to get employed as candle snuffer, or scene shifter, at some of the *theatres* in the towns on the river."

There is something in type metal that operates towards the stage. We believe nearly half of the players have, in their time, been printers. We do not know that they all possess the physical qualification of the candidate noticed above.

Mons. Chabert, who arrived in Philadelphia a few days since, from his tour to the south, has, we regret to say, lost a thousand dollars, most of it in notes of the Bank of the United States. He has offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of the money.

From the Pittsburgh Mercury.

THE MILITIA.—This is the month consecrated by the legislature of this state to scenes of riot and disorder under the name and authority of militia training. It is truly lamentable to witness the disgrace that is heaped upon the civil and military character of our country by these enemies to all order and discipline. Every good citizen must blush at the sight. Instead of appearing "armed and equipped according to law," under the command of competent and judicious officers, prepared to become proficient in the military tactics of a soldier, the exhibition bears a striking resemblance to that which shocked the feelings of Falstaff when he exclaimed in relation to his own veteran company,

"No eye hath seen such scare-crows."

Sticks, staves, hoops, umbrellas and *every* manner of article which *cannot* be classed under the denomination of fire-arms, form the ammunition of this military assemblage, disciplined to defend a land of independence. The officers themselves, who wield the sword and "direct the storm," are apparently as destitute of military ardour as the formidable members of Falstaff's company. The whole army is ludicrous in the extreme, and revolting to the spirit of every lover of good order. Pennsylvania, it is to be hoped, will soon eradicate this stain from her escutcheon, by abolishing the system, and giving to volunteers such immunities as will enable them to advance the military spirit and glory of the country.

TYRANNY OF GEORGIA.—The Cherokee Phenix mentions several instances of the villany and oppression practised ostensibly under the laws of Georgia, but in reality in violation even of them, according to the decision of Judge Clayton himself. On the 19th instant, a Cherokee named Tunaise, a respectable man, who had a good farm, a wife and two children, and who resided near Six's gold mines, was accused of stealing a hog, by two or three Georgians residing in the nation under a permit from General Coffee. They seized and fettered him, and had carried him about five miles; when, on his attempting to escape, they shot him through the heart, and left the corpse in the wilderness; whence it was taken by his friends and decently interred. Some time in April, another Cherokee, named Tec-tas-kee, and his wife were taken up for doing what Judge Clayton decided they had a right to do,—digging gold on their own property, and cast into prison in Gwinnett Co., where they still remain. An offer was made to liberate them, on condition that they would enroll as emigrants to the west of the Mississippi, which Tec-tas-kee indignantly rejected. About the same time another Cherokee, named Robin, was arrested for the like offence, and offered his freedom if he would go to Arkinsaw. As he declined so doing, he was offered the alternative of going to prison, or being flogged. He told them he was in their power, and they must do what they pleased with him; upon which they tied him up to a tree and gave him fifty lashes. Can any legislature in a civilised country authorize such arbitrary cruelties? This wretched guard, the offscourings of humanity, are allowed to be judges, juries and executioners; and as it would appear, lawless legislators likewise.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the U. S. Gazette, dated HARRISBURG, June 4th, 1832.

Mr. Hawkins, late Speaker of the Senate, resigned his seat this morning. The Senate went immediately into an election for Speaker, and the following is the result:

Jesse R. Burden received 18 votes; Moses Sullivan 7; Jesse Miller 3 Thomas Ringland 2; Samuel J. Packer 1.

Jesse R. Burden having received a majority of votes, was declared duly elected Speaker; and, on taking his seat, made a neat return of thanks for the honour conferred on him. The Committee to whom was referred the Apportionment bill reported this morning, and after this bill is disposed of, the Legislature will immediately adjourn.

Here, in Chester county, (says the Village Record,) as far as our observation has extended, considerable wheat has been winter killed; what remains, looks middling well. We think there need be no great alarm or fear of scarcity, though, to insure a supply of provisions, it may be well to take means to get large crops of potatoes, for several fields of wheat in the neighborhood, it is supposed, will not yield above 25 or 30 bushels to the acre.

Corn is up. We were pleased the other day with the reply of a farmer to our question, how many kernels he put in a hill—

One for the black bird,
One for the crow,
One for the cut worm,
And two to grow.

From the Alexandria (D. C.) Gazette of Tuesday.

HAIL STORMS.—It was supposed, in consequence of the recent coolness of the weather, that there had been hail storms near us. We have an account of one. The Richmond Compiler informs us that one of the most violent hail storms took place on last Thursday fortnight, in Albemarle, Cumberland, &c. which has been known for several years. The hail storm began in Albemarle, and extended to Cumberland county.

Some of the stones were very large. We have heard them compared to goose eggs. One was so large, that, on measuring it six hours afterwards, it was found to be 4½ inches in circumference. The storm has done great damage to the wheat. One of the best farmers in Albemarle says he only expects enough for seed wheat. Another, who calculated upon raising 6000 bushels, now expects only 3000. When it commenced, its range was very narrow, but it is said to have ultimately widened from fifteen to twenty miles.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

IN SENATE.

HARRISBURG, June 1, 1832.

No business was done to-day. The Portsmouth Rail-road bill passed through committee of the whole.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Peltz, reported a bill authorising Jno. Lentz, surviving Executor of Elizabeth Isenminger, deceased, to sell certain vacated street property in Philadelphia.

Mr. Shannon reported his resolution relative to the Tariff and Bank of the United States, with amendments, as follow, to-wit:

Resolutions relative to protective duties and the bank of the United States.

1. Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, June 9, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Jack in a shower,—an Editor's fellow; his sketch of real life in N. Carolina, we believe to be a gross libel. At all events the good people of that state are much in favor with the inhabitants of this latitude, and we should endanger our safety by publishing any thing against them. We cannot accede to his proposition.

The Baltimore Ode by W. F. C. is not exactly in point. We discover in it, moreover, much imbecility, and a limping in the lines, at almost every other step.

In a little village somewhere on the romantic Schuylkill, lives a love-sick swain who thus beautifully rhymes to his mistress:—

"The parting with my dearest dear,
Grant trouble to no me;
And makes me think when I'm not here,
That every day is three:
That ev'ry day in length is three,
And every hour in three:
It makes my weep, when I should sleep,
And say, "we lost my friend.

The remainder of the verses soon—the whole at once would overpower the reader's sensibility.

"The Poet," is an article literally smooth and intelligible, but it is too long for our columns.

The article on Female Education, by Y. S. R. we shall insert for publication at a convenient day.

Our subscribers in Tully-town, Pa. are assured that their papers are mailed regularly every Saturday morning.—They should be received by them in the afternoon: we shall endeavor to ascertain the cause of the detention complained of.

"H. M." will please to accept our thanks for the favor she has sent us. They will be published shortly.

"Helen David," is under consideration.

Celebration of the opening of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Rail Road.

A single track of the rail road being completed as far as Germantown, pursuant to previous arrangements, the officers of the company, the stockholders, and a number of invited guests, assembled at the company's house, in Ninth street near Instonwood, on Wednesday morning last, for the purpose of celebrating the opening of the line. The Philadelphia Band were in attendance, enlivening the scene by performing several popular tunes. Immense crowds of citizens were assembled in the vicinity, and lined along the road, as far as they could see, waiting with impatience for the signal for starting.

Nine splendid cars were placed on the south end of the rail road to each of which a single horse was attached.—At about twelve o'clock, the guests were furnished with orders, and all took seats; twenty gentlemen only being placed in each, that the whole number of cars might be occupied. They were ranged in the following order:—

1. Commissioners,	6. Jefferson,
2. Benj. Franklin,	7. Philadelphia,
3. Robert Morris,	8. William Penn,
4. Penn Township,	9. President.
5. Madison,	

In the President, the President and Managers of the company were seated. The Philadelphia Band occupied a separate car in the rear.

At about fifteen minutes after twelve, the signal for starting being given by a march from the Band, the whole procession moved off, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators, which were warmly answered by the guests. For the first mile, some little difficulty was occasioned by one or two restive horses, who had never before been placed on the track. They, however, could do no injury, either to the cars or the passengers, as the construction of the whole effectually secures the cars on the track. In a short time all moved on harmoniously, and with great speed.

Along the whole line the scenery is beautiful. Well cultivated fields, *adorned by patches of trees*, are seen on either side; and the romantic and picturesque prospect, is cast in the heart to feel by the neat and comfortable dwellings discovered at convenient distances from the road.

The rail road passes over the Coldstream, on a substantial bridge, elevated about 25 feet above the water. At the township line, it passes under a wall built bridge, *through an excavation of about 30 feet deep, continued for more than a quarter of a mile.* At Logan's Hill it passes *through a body of rock*, for the space of 100 yards, to accomplish which has required an excavation of 23 feet.—This was the most difficult part of the route, but the obstacles which presented themselves were happily overcome by the perseverance of the contractors. Over the Germantown turnpike, a beautiful lattice bridge has been thrown, at a considerable elevation, upon which the rail road passes, whence it is continued in a line nearly strait, to Church Lane, on the east side of Germantown, where the first stage terminates.

At this place the cars arrived about one o'clock. The passengers immediately assembled near the "Germantown," upon the top of which the President and Managers of the company were seated. After an enlivening tune from the Band, Mr. Hassall, the President rose, and delivered a neat and pertinent speech, suitable to the occasion. He adverted to the rise and progress of the company, to their difficulties and labours, to their final success, and to their prospect of remunerating which now awaited the stockholders. The address was warmly applauded. After another tune from the Band, the stockholders and guests assembled by John Miles, Esq. took up the line of march to Hoff's Hotel, where a sumptuous collation was provided for them. One hour was done the liberality of the company, as was plainly evidenced by the *deep impression* made on the *substantials* which covered the table.—These were placed in Madeira and Champaign, of excellent quality, with which the prosperity of the company, the health of the President, were drank in bumpers. A more sensible scene we have rarely witnessed, especially at the instant when a dozen corks were jumping from their prisons at the same moment, an incident which we pledge ourselves occurred more than once during the entertainment.

The festivities were worthy the occasion. The refreshments were furnished in great abundance, and the whole consummated, in judiciously managed as to ensure the pleasure and gratification of all present. The admiration of the visitors was repeatedly expressed, as each successive feature in the plan of enjoyment, was developed.

About half past three o'clock, the cars, now transposed in order, the President being first, started on their return trip to the city, at which place they arrived in about thirty minutes. The guests immediately separated, all delighted with the occasion.

Spectators, of all ages and sexes, in great numbers, were lodged on every promontory, and at every bridge and lane along the line, as the cars were going and returning. The enthusiasm of youth caused to be revived in the aged, who leaning against canes prop for support, would flourish their hats, and raise their voices, as once they were wont to do, in the "olden time." The occasion seemed to be regarded by all as an epoch in the history of our state, that will pave the way for a new order of things, interesting, important and extraordinary.

In regard to the construction of the rail road, we more than once heard the opinion expressed, that the arrangement as much better than upon any other road. The company appear to have been fortunate in the choice of engineers and contractors, as every part of the work is executed in the most substantial and creditable manner.

On Thursday, the cars commenced running for the accommodation of the public, and immense numbers of citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to partake of the pleasures of a rail road excursion. The ride is delightful, and we have no doubt, the cars will be kept constantly moving.

THE CRISIS IN SAVANNAH.—We annex a conclusive paragraph from the Raleigh (N. C.) Register.

"The Savannah Daily Ped.—A third daily paper has just been commenced at Cincinnati—the principal city of the ohio which came into existence between thirty and forty years ago; yet North Carolina, one of the old thirteen states, is not able to support *one semi-weekly paper!* To what is this great difference owing? The soil and climate of the latter, is in all respects, equal if not superior to the former. Can any other reason be given for the great increase and prosperity of the one, and the stationary and low character of the other, than that the state of Ohio is inhabited alone by industrious active *Freemen*, and the population of North Carolina, is clogged with that base of enterprise, *Slavery!* If there be any other cause for this vast difference between the prosperity of the two states, we should be glad that some of our readers would tell us what it is, and if no other can be shown, is not the subject on which calls for, and ought to receive, our most serious consideration?"

The New York Commercial states that, on Sunday last, 1,400 emigrants arrived in that city, *from Europe*, and on Monday 600 arrived.

The June Term of the Mayor's court for the city of Philadelphia, commenced its sessions on Monday. The Recorder, Joseph McIlvaine, Esq., in charging the Grand Jury, referred very forcibly to the recent riots attending the sale of stock for the Girard and Western banks, and urged upon the Jury the necessity of a full and careful inquiry into the proceedings. The following is an extract of the charge.

"After the scenes which have disgraced our city within the last two weeks, no doubt can remain (if any existed before) that the mode of distributing stock, prescribed by the recent bank charters, when that stock is universally regarded as valuable and sought after as lucrative, is injurious and demoralizing in the highest degree, and even subversive of the principle of equal competition and fair distribution upon which it professes to rest. Upon this head the Grand Jury, faithfully representing public sentiment, will not hesitate to speak with proper emphasis, and earnestly to protest against the enactment for the future, of any law containing similar provisions.

"But it is to other considerations arising out of the subject that we chiefly ask your attention. The public peace has been broken, and public decency violated, by protracted scenes of riot, confusion and outrage. Of this there can be no doubt. In addition to this, the public mind has been agitated to an unprecedented degree by rumors of fraud, intolerance and unlawful combinations, as well in the distribution as in the preceding of stock. All these are fit subjects for the calm and impartial, but nevertheless decided action of the Grand Jury. And I will in my endeavor, in a few brief observations, to explain the legal principles which should govern your judgment.

"Every Commissioner who consented to act under the laws in question, was a public officer, to whom an important public trust had been delegated, and who is consequently responsible to the public for its faithful execution. If the acts of any Commissioner has *wilfully* done that which the law required—or if any one of them has refused to do that which the law required—or if any one of them has acted with a view to his own benefit, directly or indirectly has exhibited partiality in the distribution of the stock, or *shown* favor to one individual to the exclusion of another, or to the prejudice of the equal rights of all—such Commissioner has been guilty of a misdemeanor in office, and should be indicted without hesitation.

"Again, if any number of individuals, whether Commissioners or not, have combined and agreed together by fraud or force, and by concerted action, to secure stock for themselves or their friends, to the exclusion of others, or with the slightest prejudice to the equal rights of every other person in the community, that combination and agreement was an unlawful conspiracy, for which the Grand Jury is bound, should the facts appear in evidence before them, to present an indictment.

"Again, if any three or more persons have appeared at the place of distribution, acting in concert, and either using force or violence, or manifesting an intention to use force or violence, in order to secure for themselves or their friends, or to exclude others from participating in the equal privileges which the law intended to secure, this was an unlawful assembly and a riot, and all who aided or encouraged their proceedings, or commanded or procured their coming together, should be included in the same indictment.

"Lastly, every separate breach of the peace, not included within the foregoing heads, which occurred during the six memorable days, that have blasted the reputation of our city, should be the subject of an appropriate indictment.

An interesting little girl, named Julia Haas, aged about five years, daughter of Mr. John Haas, of the Northern Liberties, was run over, on Saturday last, by a team, and instantly killed. She was in company with several neighbours, children, of a more advanced age, on a visit to the grave of a companion. When crossing Seventh street, near Poplar Lane, she was knocked down by the leading horse attached to a cart loaded with bricks, which passed over her body before she could be rescued. The driver, at the time, we are informed, was some distance behind his cart.

We again are compelled to remind our correspondents, that their letters will not be taken from the post office, unless the postage is paid. A number have been refused this week. Subscribers, when writing for an extra number, or upon any other matter connected with themselves, ought not to tax us with postage. We consider such treatment ungenerous, especially when the cheapness of our paper is remembered. Gentlemen who forward a single subscription seem to imagine they are under no obligation to pay postage. This is an error—twenty-five cents postage, reduces our receipts for a year's subscription to $1,75, which is less than we can afford to furnish the paper for. We beg our friends to remember this in future.

In Columbia county, in this state, a movement has been made by the Jackson party, for the purpose of nominating another electoral ticket, pledged to the support of Jackson and Van Buren. The members of that recently appointed at Harrisburg, by the democratic convention, are, it will be remembered, pledged to support Judge Wilkins for the Vice Presidency.

Frequent reference is made, in late British papers, to the expedition of Captain Ross, from which no certain information has been obtained for a great length of time. Fears are entertained that the hardy gentlemen composing it, have perished, and the captains of the whaling boats, employed on the north-eastern coast of this continent, are requested and urged to ascertain, if possible, some information concerning them.

Captain Ross, it appears, is absent on an expedition fitted out at his own expense. He had a steam boat constructed from his private funds, in which he set out with a small crew, for the purpose of penetrating through Prince Regent's Inlet, by the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, along the northern coast of America, and then to proceed through Behring's strait to Kamtschatka. Since he entered the inlet, no tidings have been heard of him. The motive which induced him to this enterprise appears to have been the mortification he felt in consequence of an opening having been discovered in Lancaster's Sound, where he had reported there was none. His failure to explore this sound, was an accident—says a London editor—which might have befallen any officer, and it was owing to the very parties who turned against him. When off the coast near the head of this sound, of which no appearance was visible to the eye, he sent below to request the "men of science," would come upon deck to examine the land, and give their opinion whether it would be advisable to stand close inshore and search for an opening. These learned persons, including Captain Sabine of "cooking" celebrity, happened at the time to be playing at chess, and not choosing to break off their game, they sent back word that they had already examined the appearance of the land, and that the idea of finding an entrance was chimerical.—Not observing anything to lead him to doubt the accuracy of this, Ross acquiesced. Matters continued in this state, all the scientific persisting in this opinion, until the expedition reached Orkney. Here Sabine and his associates picked up a newspaper, in which they found a paragraph from some communication by Mr. Barrow, in which that gentleman expressed the most confident conviction that there was an opening where they had ridiculed the idea. This discovery effected an instant change in their way of thinking and acting. The secretary must be right; and Mr. Barrow being right, captain Ross must be wrong; that was promptly agreed on.—Accordingly, the whole blame was shifted on the Commander; and the chess-playing luminaries of science, including the renowned Captain, joined in the cry against poor captain Ross.

In a late number of the United Service Journal, a plan is proposed for connecting Scotland and Ireland, by a broad causeway from Donaghadee to Portpatrick, in the west of Scotland, a distance of fifteen miles. The plan is considered feasible. Of the distance between the two towns, about one mile and a half is covered by the intervening Copeland Islands, which lie direct across the channel, being four miles and a half from Donaghadee. Between these islands and the Irish shore, the soundings are shallow, no where exceeding eight fathoms. This circumstance considerably diminishes the magnitude of the work. Materials for the undertaking, are said to exist in great abundance, on both shores.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Alhambra*, a series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards, by Washington Irving, Esq. will be published this day, by Messrs. Carey & Lea. We have read the principal chapters with much interest, and heartily recommend the work to our friends, as one from which they will derive much pleasure and instruction. The chapter which we published a week or two since, entitled the Interior of the Alhambra, is not a fair sample of the volumes, as the succeeding sketches are much more animated and stirring. The tales abound with romantic incidents, connected with the Moors and Spaniards, and in the nervous and eloquent language of the author, are clothed with absorbing interest.

A very large edition will, it is presumed, be disposed of immediately. The London publishers, alone, we see it stated in foreign papers, have received orders for 20,000 copies.

We notice, in a Knoxville (Tenn.) paper, a proposal by Messrs. Gifford and Fields, jr., to publish by subscription, a literary and miscellaneous Scrap Book, to contain a variety of fugitive pieces within the range of history, biography, moral and sentimental tales, anecdotes, poetry, &c. To show precisely the character of the proposed work, the publishers mention, that the "Ruins of Time," and "Christ on Calvary," by the Milford Bard; the tale of Lafitte, and other pieces which appeared as original in this paper, are among their selections. These they justly regard as worth the whole cost of the book, should it contain nothing else.

The Scrap Book will contain 600 large octavo pages, and be furnished, elegantly bound, for three dollars per copy. We trust the enterprising publishers will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable them to publish a large edition. A few copies, it is probable, would meet with a ready sale in this city.

The new American work, entitled *Swallow Barn*, has excited considerable attention among the reading community. It is a book which will do great credit to the author, who we understand, is a talented member of the Baltimore bar. The perusal has given us a high opinion of his graphic powers, and much insight into the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the "Old Dominion." It is not, properly speaking, a novel, but a delineation of character, of the people and their manners, and scenes in Virginia, rendered deeply interesting by the nervous, sensible, and pleasing style of the author.

The sixteenth number of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia, has just appeared from the prolific press of Messrs. Carey & Lea, of this city. It is composed of an admirable treatise on the manufacture of porcelain and glass, describing, with minuteness, the materials of which they are composed, the construction, and every thing connected with a complete understanding of the art. The whole process of manufacture is illustrated by well executed wood cuts. This branch of industry—already extensive in this country—is rapidly increasing, and a practical treatise on the subject, such as we have now the pleasure of commending to the notice of those interested, has long been a desideratum. The importance of the subject to the rapidly growing manufactures of America, the accuracy and minuteness with which it is treated in all its details, and the general excellence of the work, render this volume a valuable member of the unrivalled Cabinet Cyclopedia.

The twenty-second number of the American Quarterly Review, was published on the first instant, by Messrs. Carey & Lea. The articles, nine in number, are The Public Domain, containing strictures on the financial concerns of the United States; Flint's Mississippi Valley; Lord Dover's Frederic the Second; the Tariff Question; Oxford Prize Essays; Bouchette's British North America; Life of Governor Morris; Doctrine of Probabilities and West Point Academy. An Appendix is annexed, embracing the three reports on the Bank Question, submitted to Congress by Mr. Clayton for the majority, Mr. McDuffie for the minority, and the private views of Mr. Adams.

The articles are written with much ability.—That on the Tariff is a Free Trade article, and contains the principal arguments offered by the anti-tariff party. The Review of Flint's work on the Mississippi Valley contains a variety of interesting information, and a just eulogium on the literary reputation of the author, whose merits appear not so well appreciated in this country as in Europe. The article on the life of Gov. Morris will attract notice.

In conformity with a request made by a number of gentlemen of the city, we purpose publishing, in our next paper, the music of Mr. Dixon's celebrated prize sing of *Clare de Kitchen*. A few extra copies will be printed to accommodate those who may wish to possess this popular so g.

THEATRICAL.

Arch Street Theatre.—Mr. E. Forrest performed Spartacus in Dr. Bird's tragedy of the Gladiator, on Monday evening, for the benefit of Mr. W. Forrest, one of the managers. The house was crowded, and the playing excellent.

On Wednesday, Shakspeare's play of Cymbeline, was produced for the first time in this city, for the benefit of Mr. Scott. Mr. C. Kean appeared as Posthumus. We witnessed but two acts of the piece, and are therefore only able to say that the characters appeared to be well cast.

Mr. Thayer's benefit takes place this evening. The entertainments he has selected are good, and should secure him a full house. Mr. T. is a meritorious performer, and a very important member of the excellent company at this house.

Mr. Duffy's benefit is announced for Monday evening. As an indefatigable manager he is not less deserving than his contemporaries, who, upon their nights have been handsomely rewarded. The house will be crowded.

On Tuesday next, the new and highly successful tragedy of *Conrad of Naples*, written by a Philadelphian, will be re-produced, with Mr. Murdock as the hero. Upon the same evening, a new Opera, entitled the *Fireman's Bride*, also written by a literary gentleman of this city, will be brought out. The piece, we are informed is written with taste and vigour, and abounds with laughable incident.—Several scenes will represent prominent duties of the fireman. A number of original songs will be introduced. Mr. Murdock will perform a principal character in the Opera, and being himself a fireman, we may reasonably suppose he will do it justice.

Walnut Street.—The enterprise of the managers of this establishment deserves success. Among the novelties lately produced, perhaps the most attractive is *Victorine*. This piece does, what all dramatic productions ought to do, inculcate a valuable moral lesson. The heroine of the play is a young female, vacillating between the promptings of duty and the temptations of splendour.—While in this uncertainty, the course and consequences of the votary of pleasure, are shadowed forth to her in a dream. She pursues, in the vision, a long course of indulgence; passes through many scenes of vicissitude and change, and at length terminates her career, in penury, misery and degradation. Here the vision—which occupies about two acts—terminates, and Victorine having gained the wisdom of experience without its pains, promptly rejects the proffered advantages of splendour, and pursues the path marked out by duty and honor. The piece is got up with great care and effect, is acted with more than usual ability throughout, and excites unusual though well deserved applause.

We regret, however, to notice, that in the bills of last Thursday, the managers announced a Pugilistic Combat as part of the entertainments, one of the parties in which is denominated, in large letters, the "Victor at the late fight at Baltimore." The gentlemen who control the establishment have certainly mistaken the character of the Philadelphia community, if they imagine the patronage of any of its respectable inhabitants is to be considered by an exhibition so illegal, so brutal, so unworthy, and so insulting to moral principles. We trust, earnestly, that such an announcement may never be repeated. If sparring is to take the place of the legitimate drama, the doors of the theatre should be closed forever.

Mr. Dixon, we understand, is now on a visit to New York, for the purpose of engaging the services of a talented female vocalist, to aid him in the musical part of his new opera. The piece will be produced in splendid style, soon after his return.

The distribution of the stock of the Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Bank of the Northern Liberties, commenced on Thursday last, and was, we regret to say, attended with the same disgraceful occurrences which characterised previous sales of stock. A picture worse than that of pandemonium was presented to the eye, but of the revolting, heathenish and brutish scene we shall attempt no description, for humanity sickens at the details. Where is decency, where is justice, where is law, that these abuses are not stopped, and the originators and abettors disgraced by the indignation of the community?

That the fault rests, in a great measure, with the people, or those of them who, cursed with avaricious desires, can stoop to such degradation for gold, is certain; but it is not less so, that the larger portion is justly chargeable to the legislature. They knew this revolting spectacle must ensue, and by granting acts of incorporation without taking measures to obviate them, they virtually took upon themselves all the sinful disgrace which has resulted. It seems strange to us that our citizens should, with these horrid scenes before their eyes, remain passive. Why do they not remonstrate and petition, until they are assured they *dare* not be repeated. The corrective rests with the virtuous, will they exercise it?

A Hint.—We have been informed by a subscriber residing in Virginia, that his paper is detained in the Post-Office, two or three days after it is due, in which time it receives a first, second, and sometimes a third reading, before it is handed to the rightful owner. He requests us to say that he considers this a gross imposition, and to request the postmaster to re-examine his instructions—*verbum sat.*

The governor of North Carolina has offered a reward of one hundred dollars, for the apprehension of John Murphy, the inhuman murderer of Mary Sagg, his mother-in-law.—"The said John Murphy is represented to be about 21 years old; about five feet seven or eight inches high; stout made; short broad face, with high cheek bones; curled sandy hair; blue eyes, with thick lips; his upper fore teeth large and irregular; turns his toes out when walking, and has a rolling sailor-like gait."

A passenger in one of the Union Line stages to Providence, states in the Boston Courier, that on Tuesday last, about four miles beyond Dedham, the stage, filled with passengers, was upset in consequence of the intoxication of the driver. A gentleman and his wife were severely bruised in the head and breast, but the other passengers only had their clothes torn. The driver was unhurt, but was insulted in a house. Rev. Dr. Edwards, agent of the Temperance Society, was a passenger.

The Indian War.—We have received an extra from the office of the Detroit Journal, which contains a letter from Mr. Agent Boyd, to Governor Cass, stating that the previous news respecting the Indian War had been much exaggerated, and that it was unnecessary for the militia of Michigan to proceed to that place. Accordingly, the acting governor of Michigan had recalled the order which authorized the United States troops to leave Detroit for the St. Joseph country, there not being cause to apprehend the slightest possible danger from hostile Indians on the frontiers of the territory.

The Cholera Again.—The Barnstable Journal has this paragraph:—"The fishing schooner Excellent, Captain Doane, arrived at Harwich, from Cape Sable, on the 27th May. Six of her crew are sick. One of them, Ephraim Doane, Jr. son of the captain, is considered dangerous.—We understand that the physician in attendance states that the symptoms of his disease are similar to those of the cholera."

From the New York Spectator.

From education and principle, I have always been jealous of *nostrums*, and an enemy to *quacks*, whether in medicine, politics or religion; but I would not condemn, every thing in form of *nostrum*, as fraud or imposition merely because I did not know the precise character or properties of the ingredients of which it was compounded. It would argue great want of candor to deny that many preparations of "nature's balmy sweets," could be healthful to our morbid and sickly humors. On the contrary, I believe the vegetable kingdom is teeming with the purest and richest elements for restoring health to our diseased bodies, and for soothing the pains and sorrows which afflict so many of our suffering fellow mortals.

I have been led to these remarks from having recently witnessed some of the almost miraculous effects of that popular herbaceous medicine, the Panacea, of Doctor Swaim, of Philadelphia. The most astonishing cures of scrofulus diseases, in their worst and appalling stages, by this medicine, are frequent and well authenticated.

Among several such cases which have fallen under my personal observation, I would mention one, that of a lady, Miss S———y, of Philadelphia, from whose own lips I received the account. She is about twenty-five years of age, and for between two and three years, suffering the horrors of that loathsome malady, and without any benefit from the best medical skill of the faculty. Her head was literally a mass of putrefaction, and her features so marked as scarcely to bear any resemblance to the human face divine. In this deplorable state, when death seemed the only refuge from suffering, she was induced to try the Panacea. In one week she was better, in two weeks quite recovered fresh pain; and in five weeks completely restored to health and the enjoyment. Her wounds were healed: and although her face still bears witness to horrid ravages of her disease, (scarcely a vestige of her nose is left; her eyes distorted, her voice a whisper, and a frightful cavity, quite deep into the head, between her eyes,) yet the disease is eradicated; the skin and flesh appear healthful and delicate as a tender infant, and have remained so for the last four years.

Many other instances of similar triumph over human sufferings, I have seen and heard of; and a desire to aid the cause of benevolence and mercy induces me to make these facts public for the benefit of the afflicted.

A TRAVELLER.

Fat Livings.—A contemporary has published the following as a list of the respective annual value of the Sees held by the Archbishops and Bishops of England, which—they'll be assured, of course, by claim to literal accuracy—comes nearer to the truth than any similar statement which has ever been made.

Archbishoprics.			
Canterbury,	27,000	York,	11,000
Bishoprics.			
Durham,	18,000	London,	14,000
Winchester,	14,000	Ely,	14,000
Worcester,	7,000	St. Asaph,	6,000
Bath and Wells,	5,000	Bangor,	5,000
Lincoln,	4,000	Hereford,	4,000
St. David's,	4,000	Litchfield,	3,000
Salisbury,	3,500	Carlisle,	3,500
Chichester,	3,000	Norwich,	2,700
Chester,	2,500	Exeter,	2,300
Oxford,	2,000	Peterborough,	2,000
Gloucester,	1,800	Bristol,	1,650
Rochester,	1,000	Llandaff,	850

Making a gross total of 164,000*l.* per annum, and an average of 6,307*l.* to each See.—*London paper.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Wood still continues to be sold at the wharves at *winter* prices. Good oak brings readily from six to seven dollars, and pine in proportion. Those who have it in their power to supply the market, will do well to turn their attention to the subject, as the demand is likely to continue throughout the season, and judging from the probable deficiency of coal, without any diminution of prices.

We were presented, on Saturday last, with three fine turnips, measuring from eleven to twelve inches in diameter, raised by Mr. Joseph J. Hatch, of Cooper's Creek, N.J. The size is unusually large, for this stage of the season, and their flavor is excellent.

On Monday evening, about 11 o'clock, the eastern part of the heavens was beautifully and richly illumined by an "aurora," resembling, in every circumstance but its location, the Aurora Borealis. It was a clear white light, without concentrations, forming a semicircle, extending about 20 degrees up the horizon.

James Dundas, Esq. has been elected president of the Commercial Bank, in the place of Andrew Bayard, Esq. deceased.

We are requested to mention that Mr. David Paul will be a candidate for county commissioner at the ensuing election.

On Monday evening, between nine and ten o'clock, a fire was discovered in a small house, in Green st. between Front and Second streets, but by the timely arrival of our ever active firemen, it was prevented from doing any serious damage.

The markets were on Saturday supplied with green peas new potatoes, strawberries, and the usual accompaniments. But the backwardness of the season had influenced the quality, and raised the price of the articles. Strawberries were 37½ cents per quart, and peas 25 cents per half peck.

There were 137 deaths in the city last week—65 adults and 72 children. Principal diseases, consumption of the lungs, cholera, 21 deaths; convulsions 16, croup 6, dropsy 12, debility 8, and scarlet fever 8. Thirteen of the interments were from the almshouse, and 23 of the whole number were persons of color.

The New York City Inspector reports the deaths of 107 persons during the past week, viz. 21 men, 25 women, 33 boys, and 28 girls—59 were under five years of age. 24 died of consumption, 2 of scarlet fever, and 3 of measles.

The Aurora Free Press says, that a gentleman of that neighborhood recently captured with a single hook, in three hours, no less than 56 salmon trout, weighing 434 pounds.

The Brooklyn (Conn.) Advertiser says:—"We are informed that on the 25th inst. Mr. A. Frink of Windham, killed in one chimney 763 chimney swallows, and took 50 alive!

On Saturday, the Senate at Harrisburg resolved to adjourn on the 12th of the month. An ineffectual attempt was made to take up the Lottery Abolition Bill.

The population of England, Scotland, and Wales, is 16,537,360, out of which the annual amount of deaths is 360,142, and daily average 986.

The Attakapas Gazette, of the 10th ult. states that the sugar crops in that district of Louisiana, present a most favorable aspect. Should the grinding season prove propitious, it is calculated that the present crop will be one-third better than the last.

John P. Van Ness, Esq. has been re-elected Mayor of Washington city.

In Augusta, Geo. on the 25th ult. a squall of wind took place, which blew out the gable end of a brick building near the market, belonging to Mr. Bennoch, which, falling on a small adjoining wood house, killed two negroes that were in it, a woman, and child of three or four years old, and crippled two others. The wall was only one brick thick.

Mrs. Knorr has been giving concerts at Lancaster and Harrisburg. Master Bruce has met with unusual success at Cincinnati.

In Boston, a little girl fell into a cistern and was drowned.—A duel is to take place between two men, named Jordan and Cooke: they are expected to blow. Cooke was killed and Jordan was committed to prison.—The American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, have re-elected Nathaniel Bowditch president, and Josiah Quincy, vice-president.

Boyce, Courtney, & Drummond, proprietors of a gambling establishment in Albany, have been committed to prison, on a charge of decoying strangers, and swindling them of their money.

On the 20th ult. Dr. Charles H. Leggett and wife, of Norwalk, Ohio, were drowned at the mouth of the Huron river. They were alone in a skiff, proceeding to visit a neighbor, when the boat was overturned by a squall. The accident was discovered by a gentleman who found the lady's bonnet floating on the water. Search was immediately made for the bodies, and they were found embraced together.—Both were much esteemed.

A match race took place in Rutherford Co. Tenn. on the 17th ult., between Betsey Malone, Stockholder, Miss Tonson, and Monsieur Tonson, for 2,000 a side, one mile and repeat, was won by the former in two heats. The first heat is said to have been run in one minute and forty-eight seconds.

The Governor of Ohio has issued a proclamation, stating that the disease which has appeared in Cincinnati, is not the Asiatic cholera.

The ship Hebrus, arrived at Boston on Saturday last, from Dublin on the previous day. It is said: "They are not supposed to have been from Cholera." Still too much caution cannot be taken, under the circumstances of the immense emigrations to the British colonies.

We are informed (says the Boston Courier,) that the ancient company of Boston Fusileers, are to appear in an elegant new scarlet uniform, on the approaching anniversary of our National Independence. The cloth has been manufactured at Watertown, near this city. The cloth was colored at the establishment of the Lynn Printing company.

The Paris Globe states, as creditable to the present king of France, that while many of the higher classes of Paris are leaving the city in order to escape the cholera, Louis Philippe has not hesitated to remain at his post, and to send his son amidst the unfortunate victims, to console and cheer them by his presence.

We learn from the Newburgh Telegraph, that about an acre and a half of land on the east shore, in Dutchess county, about three miles up the river from Newburgh, has fallen nearly one hundred feet from its original level, so that the tops of the highest trees now standing in the fallen tract, are only even with the surface of the surrounding land. We can think of no reasonable way of accounting for this singular phenomena, unless it is found that a stream of water, which we learn runs into the river in that vicinity, has been gradually undermining for years, and the foundation having washed away, the whole mass has fallen.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

WILL be sold, at Public Vendue, on the premises, on Monday, June 18th inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M. situated in Philadelphia county, in a very pleasant and healthy part of Bristol township, seven miles from Philadelphia, 14 from Bristol, and 4 from Frankford; joining lands of the Heirs of Amos Jones, Joseph Jones and Mr. Allen, enclosed by the county line road on one side, and Brandytown road on the other.

Containing 314 acres more or less, of good tillable land, new in with clover, excepting 3 acres of wood land, and a never failing spring, and also a stream of water running through it. This farm is pleasantly situated for building, and contains a body of stone, more than sufficient for the purpose.

N. B. Any person wishing to see the farm, is directed to call on Daniel Rorer, in the neighborhood, at Thomas Rorer, in Frankford, and will receive every information.

☞ Conditions made known on the day of sale.

June 9—2t* THOMAS ROBER.

☞ **Dry Goods! Dry Goods!** ☜

SELLING below auction prices, at 52d Market street, either wholesale or retail. Ladies and Gentlemen will please to call and examine for themselves, at the cheap store.

21 pieces Indienne for Ladies' dresses, 25 cents per yard.
44 do. changeable Lustrings, 40 cents per yard.
White chain black gros de nap, only 37½ cents per yard.
Neat black Italian Lutestrings, 50 cents per yard.
100 pieces 6-4 rich curtain muslin, 20 cents per yard.
600 pieces rich worked thread bobinet lace, 10 cents.
4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 fine bobinet lace; 50 pieces 6-4 white ground French chintz, 23 cents per yard; 100 pc. 3-4 do. only 12½ cents.
150 pieces heavy printing calicoes, only 8½ cents per yard.
40 pieces scarlet French chintz, 25½ cents per yard.
75 do. 6-4 soft finished fine cambric muslin, 31½ cents per yd.
25 do. splendid large figured Swiss muslin for long curtains, 60 cents per yard; Ladies' extra super superfine white cotton hose; Ladies' fancy do. 25 cents.
Men's superfine linen shirt collars, 10 cents; large assortment of quilting lace, 62 cts per yd; Canton crapes, only 2 dollars.
Black and white silk hose; Ladies' splendid elastic embroidered gloves, 62½ cents, worth 1 dollar.
Lawn at these handsome white gauze ribbons, only 8½ to 12½.
Men's extra 6-4 super superfine cravats, only 31½ cents.
Infant's caps, 62 cents; large splendid double capes, slightly stained, 25 cents; single capes, 10 cents; a handsome assortment of belts, 6¼ cents; handsome 5-4 and 6-4 crape shawls, 2,00 prices; 4-4 crape do. 1,50 do.; 7-4 do. 2,75 do.
Men's black Italian cravats, 31½ cents; 6-4 black and white blend veils, $1 50; 75 corded skirts, 10 cents.
Irish linens, summer cloths, various assortments, herseys, camlet cloths, shirtings, muslins, gingahams, printed muslins, cottins of all colours, and a variety of other goods.
Also, 500 boys' girls' and ladies' fine leghorn bonnets, assorted; many more articles at half price; black, white and fast lot merino long shawls, 2,00; 7-4 and 8-4 merino shawls, 3,50; 7-4 lancy shawls, 1,25; Ladies' and children's baskets, from 12 cents to 1 dollar. Open every evening. Recollect No. 52d. june 9—3t*

Jos. A. Needles,

NO. 54 North Front Street, Philadelphia, has constantly on hand Iron Sieves and Riddles, No. 1 to 36, Wire do. do. No. 8 to 30, Brass and Iron Wove Wire of every description. Rat Traps, Cages, Safes, Paper Moulds, Hair Sieves, &c.—wholesale and retail. june 9—3t

Dr. Chapman's Cough Mixture.

THE great success of this article for relieving and curing pulmonary complaints, entitles it to rank among the best now in use. It is also less expensive than many of the cough mixtures, each bottle containing upwards of 100 doses. Price 1 dollar per bottle. For sale by ISAAC THOMPSON, N. E. corner of 2nd and Market streets, and J. F. Reinitzel, Lancaster, Pa. june 9—

ALMANAC.

1832. JUNE.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
9 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	11 23	
10 Sunday,	4 36	7 24	11 58	D. H. M.
11 Monday,	4 36	7 24	12 33	
12 Tuesday,	4 36	7 24	1 19	
13 Wednesday,	4 35	7 25	2 7	First 5 9 58
14 Thursday,	4 35	7 25	2 55	Full 13 2 47
15 Friday,	4 35	7 25	3 43	Last 21 6 13
16 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	4 31	New 28 1 57

☞ Protestant Episcopal Sunday and Adult School Society of Philadelphia. The annual meeting of the Society will be held in St. James's Church, on Monday evening next, the 11th inst. at 8 o'clock, at which time the annual report will be read. WM. ROBINSON, Rec. Sec.

Franklin Literary Circle.—A Stated meeting of the Circle will be held in the hall of the Harmony Fire Company, on Thursday evening next, the 14th inst. at 8 o'clock. THOMAS WADAM, Secretary.

☞ Wanted—A number of Copies of the Testament translated by Charles Thompson, Secretary to Congress. Any person having a quantity to dispose of will please leave information at the office of the S. E. Post.

MARRIAGES.

At Bentonville, by the Rev. John Mitchelmore, on the 16th ult. JOHN MARTIN, M. D., to Miss N. EMELINE HARRIS, all of that place.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Skinner, Mr. WILLIAM A. BIZBY, of Burlington county, N. J. to Miss ANNA SUSANNA WALTER, of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN, to Miss MARTHA BROWN, all of this city.

On 4th day morning, the 30th ult. at Friends' Meeting House, Cherry street, THOMAS S. FIELD, to RACHEL JOHNSON, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. STEPHEN TOBIAS, of the city, to Miss MARGARET E. SCOTT, of Southwark.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, JOHN MAXWELL, to MARY ANN CRAFT, both of Montgomery county.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. T. H. Skinner, Mr. SAMUEL THOMPSON, of Maryland, to Miss REBECCA, daughter of Is

O spirits gay, and kindly heart,
Proclaim the blessings ye impart.

MATRIMONY.

1

1—That man must lead a happy life,
2—Who's free from Matrimonial chains,
3—Who is directed by a wife;
4—Is sure to suffer for his pains.

2

1—Adam could find no solid peace,
2—When Eve was given for a mate,
3—Until he saw a woman's face.
4—Adam was in a happy state.

3

1—In all the female face appear,
2—Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
3—Truth, darling of a heart sincere.
4—Ne'er is known in woman to reside.

4

1—What tongue is able to unfold,
2—The falsehood that in woman dwell;
3—The worth in woman we behold,
4—Is almost imperceptible.

5

1—Cursed be the foolish men I say,
2—Who change from his singleness;
3—Who will not yield to Woman's sway
4—Is sure of perfect blessedness.

☞ To advocate the ladies' cause, you will read the 1st and 2d and 3d and 4th lines together.

Different Effects of Niagara upon different Persons.

To view Niagara's Falls one day,
A priest and tailor took their way.
The parson cries, while wrapp'd in wonder,
And listning to the cataract's thunder—
"Lord, how thy works amaze our eyes,
And fill our hearts with vast surprise!"
The tailor merely mauls this note—
"Lord, what a place to sponge a coat!"

ENGLISH FOGS.—The fogs of England have been at all times the complaints of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, on his return from some private affairs about returning to Spain, if he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say that the only *ripe fruit* he had ever seen in England, were *roasted apples*, and that he preferred the *moon* of Naples to the *sun* of England.

A lady entering a room where a friend of hers sat reading, she pleasantly inquired—"what book he was so attentively engaged with;" to which he replied that he was reading "Watts on the Mind." "Indeed!" returned the lady, "then you might better resign the task, for a dish of chat; for, believe me, it is so intricate and various a subject, that it will be an endless undertaking to read what's on the mind."

A person endeavoured to prove to Dr. Johnson, that an atheist may be a man of good moral character. "Sir," said the doctor, "when a man rejects his allegiance to his great Creator, what has he to refrain him from the perpetration of crimes? If an atheist was to drink tea with me, I should look very carefully after my spoons."

An Englishman and lady recently travelling in Scotland, and having a strong desire to see Sir Walter Scott, sent him a note expressive of their wish to have an interview with "the Lion of the North." Sir Walter sent an immediate answer, observing that the lion was seen to the most advantage at his *feeding hours*, and would be very happy to see them that day at dinner. They went accordingly, and, it is needless to add, were most hospitably entertained.

Hegriages, an Arab general under the Caliph Valid, consulted, in his last illness, an astrologer, who predicted to him his approaching death. "I rely so completely on your knowledge," replied Hegriages to him, "that I wish to have you with me in the other world; and I shall therefore send you thither before me, in order that I may be able to employ your services from the time of my arrival." And he ordered the head of the soothsayer to be struck off, although the time fixed by the planets had not yet arrived.

Harding has a good story to tell. I have no doubt of its truth. He had been painting a very pretty girl, who brought her sister to see the picture. "Lord, Mary," said she, when she saw it, "why didn't you have blue eyes?" "Blue eyes, child! why, my eyes are black." "Ah, but blue eyes are much prettier."

A Sligo paper recommends, as the last remedy for the afflictions of Ireland, "*reduction* in rents, *subtraction* in taxes, *addition* in our local trade, *multiplication* in our foreign commerce, and an equal *division* of the blessings of our 'matchless' constitution."

A GOOD PUN.—A witty gentleman of the city observing a citizen passing who had lost an arm, said he presumed he might be called "*an off hand man.*"

The landlady's conundrum is hardly better,—Why is a buckwheat cake like the catterpillar? Do ye give it up? Because it makes the *butterfly*.

Odd Notions of Strange Nations.—It is to be hoped that when the schoolmaster returns from '*abroad*,' he will inculcate into his *poor* countrymen somewhat more liberal ideas on the subject of foreigners, than they at present possess. It is not long since, a complainant at one of the police offices, when lamenting the infidelity of his partner, declared that he should not have minded it half so much, but that she was gone off 'with a nasty dirty Frenchman.' And last autumn, a post boy on the Dover road was heard to say, that 'them there French foreigners are the nationest fools as is—vy that ere one as I driv yesterday, when we were stopped by a load of *wheats*, puts his precious French head out of the window, and shouted veat, veat (*wite, wite*)—a curious pretty judge of horse meat he must have been."

I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold is because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

Odds and Ends.—A recent writer says, "among the Hindoos, marriage is considered a religious duty, and parents are strictly commanded to *marry their children* by the time they arrive at eleven years of age." What a prime country for Malthus and the old maids!

A New England country paper tells the following story of a travelling dandy, who quartered at a tavern on the Sabbath:—"He prepared himself to attend church, but not possessing that very important chattel, a watch, and being particularly desirous to cut *a dash*, he applied to the landlord for the loan of one. The landlord, possessing a very powerful alarm watch, readily complied with the request, but previously *wound up the alarm*, and set it at the hour which he supposed would be about the middle of the first prayer. The dandy repaired to church—he arose with all the the grace of a finished exquisite at the commencement of the prayer, and stood playing very gracefully with the borrowed seals, when suddenly he jumped as if he had discovered a den of rattlesnakes; the *whizzing* of the alarm had commenced, the people started, the dandy made a furious *grab* at the offending watch with both hands outside of the pocket, and he attempted to *squeeze* it into silence, but all in vain; it kept its tur-r-r-r-r-r and it seemed to him as if it would never cease. The sweat rolled off the poor fellow; he seized his hat, and making one effort for the door, hurried off with his watch pocket in one hand, and his hat in the other amid the suppressed laughter of the whole congregation.

LIFE—is short: the poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbour lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence? Look behind you through the track of time, a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.—*Blair.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PHEASANT.

(*Phasianus Colchicus.* Lin.—*Le Faisan*, Buffon.)

The name of this bird sufficiently indicates its origin. The Pheasant is the bird of *Phasis*, a river of Colchis, in Asia Minor, whence they were first introduced into Europe.

Next to the Peacock they are the most beautiful of birds, as well for the vivid color of their plumes as for their happy mixtures and varieties. It is far beyond the power of the pencil to draw any thing so glossy, so bright, or points so finely blending into each other. We are told that when Croesus, king of Lydia, was seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence, and all the barbarous pomp of eastern splendor, he asked Solon if he had ever beheld any thing so fine? The Greek philosopher, no way moved by the objects before him, or taking a pride in his native simplicity, replied, that after having seen the beautiful plumage of the Pheasant, he could be astonished at no other finery.

In fact, nothing can satisfy the eye with a greater variety and richness of ornament than this beautiful creature. The iris of the eyes is yellow; and the eyes themselves are surrounded with a scarlet colour, sprinkled with small specks of black. On the fore part of the head there are blackish feathers mixed with a shining purple. The top of the head and the upper part of the neck are tinged with a darkish green that shines like silk. In some, the top of the head is of a shining blue, and the head itself, as well as the upper part of the neck, appears sometimes blue and sometimes green, as it is differently placed to the eye of the spectator. The feathers of the breast, the shoulders, the middle of the back, and the sides under the wings, have a blackish ground, with edges tinged of an exquisite color, which appears sometimes black and sometimes purple, according to the different lights it is placed in; under the purple there is a transverse streak of gold color. The tail, from the middle feathers to the root, is about eighteen inches long; the legs, the feet, and the toes, are of the color of horn. There are black spurs on the legs, shorter than those of a cock; there is a membrane that connects two of the toes together; and the male is much more beautiful than the female.

The wings of the Pheasant are short, and not calculated for a protracted flight. On this account, the Pheasants on the island, called Isola Madre in the Lago Maggiore, in Italy, as they cannot fly across the lake, are imprisoned.—Those which attempt to cross are almost always drowned.

This bird, though so beautiful to the eye, is not less delicate when served up to the table.—Its flesh is considered as the greatest dainty; and when the old physicians spoke of the wholesomeness of any viands, they made their comparison with the flesh of the Pheasant. In the woods the hen Pheasant lays from 18 to 20 eggs in a season; but in a domestic state, she seldom lays above ten. Its fecundity, when wild, is sufficient to stock the forest; its beautiful plumage adorns it; and its flesh retains a higher flavor from its unlimited freedom.

The Pheasant, when full grown, seems to feed indifferently upon every thing that offers. It is said by a French writer, that one of the king's sportsmen, shooting at a parcel of crows that were gathered round a dead carcass, to his great surprise, upon coming up, found that he had killed as many Pheasants as Crows. It is even asserted by some, that such is the carnivorous disposition of this bird, that when several of them are put together in the same yard, if one of them happens to fall sick, or seems to be pining, all the rest will fall upon, kill, and devour.

There is a bastard Pheasant which is of a mixed breed, between the Pheasant and the Cock, the back is reddish, mottled with brown and white: the lower parts ash-coloured, spotted with brown. There is also a variety supposed to be produced between the Turkey and the Pheasant, and on that account called the Turkey Pheasant. It is like the former, of a mingled colour.

There are about eight or ten foreign birds known of this genus. Among these, the Painted or Golden Pheasant of China, is most conspicuous for its beauty. It is less than the common Pheasant, not being more than two feet nine inches long. The general color of the plumage is crimson; on the head is a beautiful yellow crest, the feathers of which appear like silk.—The back and rump are yellow, the scapulars are blue, the quills brown, marked with yellow; the tail is twenty-three inches in length, and the color is chesnut, mottled with black. The hen is materially different—the general color of her plumage being brown. It appears a tolerably hardy bird, suffering more from the dampness and variability of the atmosphere, than from cold; and has been known to propagate with our common pheasant.

The Argus Pheasant is a magnificent bird. It receives its name from the quills being marked with eyes, resembling those in the peacock's train. The top and hind part of the head and neck is a changeable blue; the back dusky, marked with reddish brown, the throat and breast a dull orange. It is the size of a cock turkey; and the two middle feathers of the tail are three feet in length. This bird, as well as the former, and the Superb Pheasant—the predominant color of which is a beautiful green—is a native of China. In a strong light it appears dazzled and stupified, but recovers its animation in the dark.

The Impeyan Pheasant, from Indostan, is larger than a common fowl. On the head is an erect crest of eighteen feathers—the longest three inches and a half in length. The feathers of the head and throat are green bronze—of the middle of the neck purple, with a copper gloss. The back and wings are purple, the belly is black, with a green gloss; the tail is a brown cinnamon color.

There is another beautiful bird which some naturalists class with the Pheasant, while others make it of a different genus, that is, the Trumpeter. It has the breast of a fine glossy gilded green, though the general color of the plumage is black. In other birds of this kind, the color varies a little, as the wings have a mixture of white, &c. The size is that of a large fowl.

This singular bird inhabits South America, and derives its name from the remarkable sound it produces, which some imagine to proceed from the anus, or at least from the belly. This equivocal noise, which somewhat resembles the moan of a pigeon, is, says Mr. Bingley, "at times preceded by a savage cry, interrupted by a sound approaching that of *schcrk, schcrk*. In this way the bird utters five, six, or seven times, with precipitation, a hollow voice emitted from within its body, nearly if one pronounced *tou, tou, tou, tou, tou, tou*, with the mouth shut, resting upon the last *tou*, a very long time, and terminating by sinking gradually with the same note." This peculiar sound it may be induced to make, by being enticed with a bit of bread, at the same time that the person offering it imitates the natural note of the bird.

This bird is easily tamed, and becomes greatly attached to its benefactor. When bred in the house, it loads its master with caresses, and even follows him through the streets like a dog. It has, however, far more than a dog, the Turkish propensity of bearing "no rival near its throne;" for it will fight with dogs, cats, and even men, whom it suspects of sharing the kindness of the person to whom it is attached. The Trumpeter, it is said, may be trained to attend a flock of sheep.

From Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

In the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing along side in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding-sail on water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all seafaring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions, the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man; and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above the water. So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

The captain of the forecastle, a tall, fine looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across and his well-varnished canvas hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the fore-top-mast backstay. The seamen, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad sunk so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the party. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old berth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the forecastle to shift himself.

At the top of the ladder he was stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, as he sat across the gangway hammocks, watching the swimmers, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labor of undressing and dressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, "That was very well done of you, my man, and right well deserves a glass of grog. Say so to the gun-room steward as you pass; and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff norwester." The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgemant of the attention, and instinctively touched his hat when spoken to by an officer, he made no reply, till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, "Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life."

A CHINESE DINNER PARTY.

When a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation, in the politest terms of the language. On the day before a feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-colored paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk, in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. (Only four or five or six persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses, not more than two or three.) The tables are mostly of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and are double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-sticks, wine-cups, china-ware, or enamelled spoons and stands, and two little plates with fruits, nuts, &c. Several small cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into a salad with mushrooms, &c. are spread over the board, only leaving room in the centre for a cup, about the size of a breakfast-cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with *sse-hengtsow*, (a weak acidulated liquor, distilled from millet-seed, and always drunk hot,) and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine-cup in both his hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. After the first course the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person; and all the large fruits are sliced, as well as the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup, the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer, is served up, with pigeon's or plover's eggs floating upon it, to each person. When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described; on the leaves, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologising for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them.

THE GREAT HUMMING TOP.

This will done spun it from a Liverpool paper.

A series of most interesting experiments upon this extraordinary production of human ingenuity, which promises to rival, if not excel the steam engine and all other modern inventions, in its beneficial effects on society, were exhibited on Friday week, before a company of seven scientific literary gentlemen, at the sign of "The Connorant," in great Hoax street. Experiment 1—was intended simply to show the full power of the instrument. The ingenious operator and inventor, having directed the companions to the seats round the table, each holding his watch in his right hand, projected the top immediately on the table, where he undertook that it would spin for forty-seven minutes; great anxiety was of course manifested, but no one spoke *for fear of distracting the air!* The top continued in the same spot for two hours without stirring, though at a considerable deviation from the perpendicular; this seemed amazing, but as the inclination was entirely north, the operator, in a whisper, accounted for it on the principles of magnetism, and proved it by the display of the dipping of the needle. Three hours passed, still the top stirred not, and four of the company having fallen asleep, and les their watches drop on the floor, the experiment was deemed complete. The operator, having called the attention of the spectators to the extraordinary music produced by the instrument, which he compared to the Æolian harp, *humming seven fifts*, proceeded to take up the top, when, to the surprise of all, it was found that at the moment of projection the iron peg of the top had penetrated the deal table, in which it had stuck fast all the time, thus elucidating the problem of its leaning posture without the aid of the dipping needle; the *motive*, which still continued, was found to proceed from the wind whistling through the key-hole.

The experiment having failed, merely through the softness of the table, a mahogany one was substituted, and the spectators having refreshed themselves with a glass of punch, the operator, a second time, arranged the apparatus for a projection, and the watches being placed on the table to prevent accidents, the instrument was set in motion, but had scarcely revolved a dozen times when the operator perceived a dense smoke around it, and conjecturing, hastily, that by reason of the extraordinary friction, the top and the mahogany table had ignited, he put an end to its revolution and the French polish of the table, by a copious discharge of hot water from the jug on the sideboard; on examination, this hasty inference was to be regretted, as it proved to be needless, the alarming combustion being found to proceed from one of the spectators, who was smoking a cigar, and had most scientifically accumulated the proceeds of half of it in his capacious pouches, which he suddenly expelled in a dense cloud.

The ingenious operator, a little out of humour at these unlooked for results, once more prepared to set the instrument in motion, the table having been wiped up, as well as the smoking gentleman's trousers, which were deluged with scalding water, *ad. lib.*

Every obstacle to a failure was apparently removed, the operator gave a violent pull at the string cord, when, to his great vexation, it snapt in two, and the top fell on the table as indeed, any other top would have done under like circumstances. This result was really provoking; but while the waiter was away buying a pennyworth of twine, the operator ingeniously showed the company the scientific cause for the cord having broken: it appeared that its continuity was divided by the application of a propulsive power superior to its capacity of adhesion.

The waiter having returned, the experiment was renewed; the new string was attached to the apparatus of projection; the operator summoned all his energy for the trial—clenched his teeth—shut his eyes—and, aiming every nerve, launched the top into the air—it hummed—gave one bounce on the table—bolted through the window, and fell into the street, where it was instantly picked up by a little boy, who ran off with it, and has not since been heard of, thus frustrating all the ends of science, and putting a stop, for the present, to a series of experiments of unequalled interest to society, indeed to the humming race. Yes! that little boy, who, seeing in that top no more than in any other top, appropriates it to his own selfish purposes, does as much mischief as the hog, which filling his belly with acorns, prevents those from becoming oak trees, and finally, first-rate men of war, which would rule the fate of nations.

It is almost needless to say that the experiments, although partially incomplete, gave entire satisfaction, and convinced the scientific spectators that the reported merits of this great top was not at all a humming.

HUM.

Several lives were brutally sacrificed in Paris, in the first week in April, in consequence of the belief of the mobs that the victims had been instrumental in poisoning wine, bread, meat, water and other articles of food intended for the sustenance of the people. The cause of the disaffected to the present government had so far succeeded that the minds of the lower classes of the people were firmly persuaded that the cholera did not at all exist in Paris, but that the deaths which were daily occasioned by it were the effects of poison, administered by persons employed by the government. The story, incredible as it may seem, was for some days quite successful, and during that time some of the most ferocious and brutal outrages were committed by the populace on the persons of innocent individuals who had unfortunately fallen under suspicion.—Some of the cases of this description are noticed in the last letters from Paris. One writer says:

"I will mention the case of a M. Dufer, a young man who had an appointment with a friend in the rue Saint Denis. His friend not having been punctual to the hour of rendezvous, the young man was beguiling the time by walking to and fro (by chance before a wine-shop.) This attracted the attention of a ruffian, in the form of a Frenchman, who pointed him out as an *empoisonneur* watching the moment to effect his purpose. In an instant the young man was surrounded, stripped, and literally torn to pieces, without having been able to utter a word in his defence, and his mangled remains thrown in a corner, by the mob of the people styled 'the Grande Nation.'

Another letter mentions the following occurrences:

"A medical man was passing along the streets to visit his patients, when seeing a crowd collected, he stopped to inquire the cause, and found a man haranguing the people, and assuring them that all who died were poisoned by order of the government, and reciting several other similar atrocities. The gentleman went quietly up to the orator, and mildly told him that if he could prove such charges it was his duty to make them judicially known, and invited him to go to the nearest Commissary of Police. This was of course refused, and the medical gentleman pursued his way; but he had hardly got three steps when he was attacked by two ruffians in the orator, who accused him of being a poisoner. It was in vain for him to protest his innocence. A crowd still denser than the first surrounded him, and would have torn him to pieces had not the armed force fortunately arrived just in time to save his life, but nothing more; he was taken in a mangled state to the next barracks, where he still lies in a most precarious situation.

"A young man passing along the Quay saw a poor man leaning against a shop, from physical exhaustion. He imagined it might be the cholera, and approached to render his assistance, but the man told him that he had been long ill, and had been sent from the hospital as convalescent, but he was too weak to reach home. The humane individual instantly crossed over to a wine shop, changed a five-franc-piece, and brought a glass of wine, offering the poor man the wine and the change; some women told him not to drink, for that it was poisoned. A crowd collected, and the young man would infallibly have fallen a victim to his humanity had he not the presence of mind instantly to swallow half the glass of wine. He then gave the remainder to the invalid, who received it with gratitude, and proceeded on his way."

For Sale,

A FARM, TANNERY and BRICK-YARD, situated near the thriving town of Newark, Newcastle county, State of Delaware. The farm, the soil of which is a loam, contains 262 acres, whereof about three-fourths is timbered woodland. The cleared part, limed by the present owner, is in a high state of cultivation, capable of producing the heaviest crops of grain and grass. It is at present chiefly in grass, and will feed fifty head of cattle. The land is divided into fourteen fields, nine of which are watered. The fences are in first rate order, the length of four miles being under three hedge, trimmed, and in a thrifty state.

The improvements are a two storied substantial modern finished brick dwelling house, with four rooms on a floor, roofed and pebble dashed, with portico in front. The floors of the cellars are flagged, and the walls of stone. The house is particularly well calculated to store leather in. The back building is a one story brick house, containing one cooking kitchen 20 feet square, one servant's room, and two lodging rooms for servants. The out houses are numerous, the principal of which are a barn, granary and carriage house, corn house, milk and smoke house.

This property fronts the main road from Wilmington and Christiana Bridge to Lancaster and Port Deposit, and the same road which the United States Engineers have recommended to Congress as the most eligible for the national road from Baltimore to Philadelphia. The Wilmington and Susquehanna rail road is also to pass across or near this property.

It is five miles from Christiana, ten from Newcastle, twelve from Wilmington, and forty from Philadelphia. Newark contains an academy, of long standing and well established character; a young ladies' boarding school, highly approved of, together with several English schools, and a College on a large scale is about to be built in the same place.

It is surrounded by numerous Cotton, Paper and Grist Mills, and four places of public worship are in the immediate neighborhood. Extensive lime stone quarries are within four miles of the place.

There is also a brick yard, and a large shed, with an inexhaustible quantity of the best brick clay on the property, with sufficient spare wood to burn six million of bricks, from which an annual income may be had. The above orchard covering eight acres, a double screw cider press, with peach, pear, plumb, and a variety of cherry trees in a very thriving condition are likewise on the premises.

The Tan house is 100 feet long by 24. The yard is calculated at present to tan 1200 or hides per annum, but may be enlarged at pleasure. The bark for tanning obtained in this neighborhood is considered superior to that used in the country.—A dwelling house attached to the yard is sufficiently large to accommodate all the hands employed in the same. The yard is neatly laid out on the most improved plan, with pumping machinery. Twenty acres of this property are included in and belong to the town lots of Newark, well situated to build on.

The situation is remarkably healthy, and the water of the very first quality, of which there are four wells, with pumps in each of them, on the premises. A large stock of cattle and horses with farming utensils of every description, may be had at the same time.

A clear title and immediate possession will be given by the subscriber residing on the premises.

F. B. BOLTZBRECHER.

Hermitage, near Newark, Del. june 9—4t

The Cake and Pastry Bakery,

No. 121 North Second Street near Race.

THE proprietor of this establishment feels willing, just to notify his customers and the public, that having just completed large additions and improvements in the perpetual ovens, he is enabled to continue his method of baking at all hours of the day with increased facilities.

Ice Creams, Mineral Water, &c. as usual, in the season.

N. B. Parties it may not be generally known, and therefore will just observe, that all the materials of which our cakes and pastry are composed, are free from slave labour; also, our syrups, confectionary, jellies and preserves, are manufactured of fine materials. Care is also taken to procure fruit, as raisins, almonds, oranges, lemons, &c. &c. as free from slave labour as is practicable.

J. R. SLEEPER.

june 2—3mo*

CORRECT

LIKENESSES

TAKEN in Profile, from 25 cents to $3.

ALSO, Miniatures and Portraits neatly executed from $5 to $50.

☞ The resemblances warranted perfect by

J. WILSON,

No. 67, Arcade, west avenue.

june 2—4t (hp stairs.)

Boarders Wanted.

TWO young men can be accommodated with board on reasonable terms, at No. 18 South Second street. may 19—4t*

Carpenter's Saratoga Powders.

FOR making *Congress Spring*, or *Saratoga Water*, *equal to that from the Spring*—manufactured and for sale, only, by GEORGE W. CARPENTER,

At his Chemical Warehouse, 201 Market st., Philada.

☞ These powders are superior to the Seidlitz, inasmuch as they are equally agreeable and agreeable, and at the same time possessing tonic and chalybeate qualities in a superior degree, and are consequently better adapted to weak and debilitated constitutions than any other cathartic in use.

Printed directions accompany the powders.

Caution.—The reputation and demand which Carpenter's Saratoga Powders have acquired will no doubt be an inducement for the ignorant to attempt their preparation. The proprietor has already received frequent complaints, that spurious and inferior imitations have been made, and the sales are effected upon the assumption and character of his preparation. He deems it justice to the community to inform them of these facts, and to suppress them that his POWDERS in future will have his written signatures, on a label, attached to the outside envelope of the box, without which none will be genuine.

GEORGE W. CARPENTER.

may 19—tf

Summer Boarding House.

MRS. JANE WILSON, late of the Brandywine Springs, (Delaware) has taken a large and commodious house in the pleasant village of Salem, *New Jersey*, where she will make every exertion to accommodate such respectable boarders as may favor her with their company.

Salem, N. J. April 25, 1832. may 19—4t*

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs,

Oils, Paints, Glass, &c. &c.

THE subscribers have recently opened a wholesale and retail store, at the corner of Fifth and Minor streets, between Market and Chesnut, Philadelphia, where a general assortment of the above articles, of good quality, will be constantly kept on hand. They have also made arrangements for collecting, and preparing, in neat packages, *medicinal and culinary herbs*, both *indigenous* and *exotic*, which they intend dispersing of upon liberal terms. HARLAN & BIDDALL.

N. B. Persons well acquainted with, and disposed to collect herbs, may make advantageous engagements for the ensuing season, by early application. april 7—6mo

Watches, Jewellery & Silver WARE.

THE subscriber having removed from his old stand, No. 80, to his newly fitted up store, No. 202 Market street, south side, 3d door below Eighth street, where he has opened and offers for sale a fresh and elegant assortment at wholesale and retail, gold and silver patent lever and plain watches, chains seals, keys, breast pins, finger rings, ear rings, short studs, silver coffee pots, tea pots, water pots, sugar dishes, slop bowls, cream pots, table spoons, tea spoons, sugar tongs, salt and mustard spoons, soup ladles, plated castors, candle sticks, bread baskets, silver, plated and steel opera glasses to suit persons of all ages, over-proof pencils, musical boxes, gambling points of different patterns, and a variety of other fancy articles, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

N. B. Watches of all description, as usual, repaired and warranted. WILLIAM BAILY.

may 12—6mo*

Patent Fly Net

FOR CARRIAGE, GIG OR SADDLE HORSES.

THE subscriber having obtained Letters Patent granted by the President of the United States, for the manufacture and vending of the above useful article, begs leave to inform the public, that he has them now for sale, at his Coach Lace, Frame and Military Store in this city.

The above improved Patent Fly Net is manufactured of various colors, to suit either Plated, Brass or Japan mounted Harness; and which for beauty, durability and convenience, as cases of the kind heretofore offered to the public.—

HENRY KORN

Apply to No. 92 North Third street.

N. B. All persons are hereby cautioned against infringing on the above patent right. may 19—3mo

Abraham Hancker,

COPPERPLATE PRINTER,

No. 32, South Fifth Street, below Walnut.

Portraits, Views, Bank Notes, Maps, Visiting Cards, Bills of Exchange, &c. neatly executed. april 28—1y

A CARD.

MR BRISTOW respectfully begs leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia, in apology for refusing numerous applications for a course of instruction in his System, that previous to the positive engagement in another State require him to leave this city earlier than he at first contemplated. He regrets exceedingly that he is unable to gratify the earnest solicitations of his friends and patrons to remain a few weeks longer, but has the satisfaction of informing them that he *WILL RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA IN FOUR MONTHS* from this time, when he will be happy to receive the names of all who may favor him with their calls. Twelve easy Lessons, (that is in as short a time as possible with reason,) a beautiful, bold, and expeditious system of writing.

Mr. BRISTOW, in taking leave of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia for a brief period, feels bound to say, that the extensive encouragement he has received during his residence among them, has been extremely flattering, and that he will long retain the remembrance of their kindness and attention. may 19—3t

Emmitsburg Property.

I WILL sell the property recently occupied by me: the improvements are a two story brick house, containing seven rooms, one pantry and kitchen, smoke-house, carriage-house, stabling, &c. all in good order. Terms will be accommodating.

JOSEPH RAUGHER.

april 7—tf

JACOB HOFFMAN,

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,

NO. 379 North Third Street, one door below Coates,—respectfully informs the citizens of Philadelphia and the public generally, that he continues business at the above old established stand, where he intends keeping on hand a general and extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes of a very superior quality, and which being manufactured from the best seasoned materials, and under his own immediate care he trusts will be equal to any in the state, and trusts by strict attention to business to merit public patronage.

J. Hoffman informs the Bootmakers of Philadelphia, that he continues to crimp boots in a superior manner.

Country storekeepers and others will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves, as they can be supplied cheaper (for cash) than elsewhere. may 26—3mo

Steam Mill.—Flour, Feed & Plaster.

GOSNELL & MIDDLETON respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they are now prepared, at the Penn Township Steam Mill, north east corner of Cedar and Penn streets, to furnish Wheat and Rye Flour, made from the best selected Grain, and warranted good—likewise, Horse Feed, of all the various kinds, prepared to order, in large or small quantities, and sent to any part of the city.

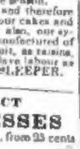
Also, calcined and land plaster, constantly on hand.

Those who deal in the above articles will find their interest to call, as they will be supplied at reasonable prices, and their orders attended to with promptitude.

N. B Grain wanted at the above place. may 19—3m

Spread Eagle Hotel,

JENKINTOWN.



THE friends of the subscriber, and the public in general, are most respectfully informed, that he has opened the above Tavern Stand, in the village of Jenkintown, 10 miles from Philadelphia, on the Old York Road, where he will be happy to accommodate travellers and others, who may favor him with a call.

Pleasure parties, and individuals, desirous of spending a short time in the country, will find the situation pleasant; and it will be the business as well as the pleasure of the subscriber, to render accommodation comfortable. He has furnished his house with every thing requisite both in bar and larder, to enable him to entertain satisfactorily those who may favor him, and promise his efforts to please. DANIEL STRAWN.

may 26—3t*

Dr. J. G. Keyser's,

AND the only Genuine Universal Plaster.

In recommending this article to the attention of the public the proprietor is influenced more by a confidence in its efficacy than of the benefits which would arise from a more extended knowledge of its virtues, than by any motives of private emolument. For the last thirty years its use has been marked by the most decided success, both in this country and in Germany, but like many other valuable remedies its name has of late been profaned by spurious imitations, and impudent counterfeiters have dared to impose their trash upon the public, clothed in the stolen reputation of the genuine article, and thus have thrown a stigma upon its character which can only be removed by a public notice of the fraud.

It would be a vain attempt here to notice the many and peculiar virtues of this application. Suffice it to say that it is truly as its name implies a "Universal Plaster," and that in no case of external injury is a resort to its use devoid of benefit. A few observations on the more common uses to which it is applied, it may be proper to mention.

1st. As a remedy for corns it stands unrivalled; a few applications at once removing the excrescence and the predisposition to its return.

2d. In chronic and also in mercureal Rheumatism, it has often effected a cure after all internal remedies had proved unavailing.

3d. In old and ill-conditioned ulcers its use is of the first importance, destroying the callous edges and promoting healthy granulation.

4th. For a sore breast it is the best article to which resort can be had, either to disperse the swelling, or to promote suppuration when the abscess has already burst.

5th. As a remedy for tetter, ringworm, or scald head it is very efficacious. Also, for some varieties of tetter and many other cutaneous diseases.

6th. Supervening upon pleurisy, there is frequently a dull aching sensation in the region of the side affected, and which remains long after the disappearance of the original complaint. By applying this plaster and renewing it occasionally, the harrassing sensation above alluded to may be entirely removed.

7th. The painful affection called felon, finds in this plaster its best remedy.

8th. In the case of chilblains or frost bitten limbs its application gives permanent and immediate relief.

9th. It is also the best strengthening plaster to remove pains in the back or breast.

The above catalogue might be swelled to an almost indefinite extent, but the chief object of this notice being to caution the public against the impositions practised by counterfeiters, it will only be necessary to add that no article purporting to be the Universal Plaster is genuine unless it has the name of the proprietor, Dr. J. G. Keyser, on the box, with the place of his residence, &c. and also the same on the accompanying directions.—Both Dutch and English directions can accompany each box if requested.

It may be purchased at his Drug and Medical Store, North Fifth street, a few doors below Poplar Lane, Philadelphia, and of the following Druggists—

E. L. Griffith, N. E. corner of Green and Fourth streets: W. B. Dobson, No. 36 South Fourth street; Warder Morris, No. 45 North Fourth street; Edward B. Garrigues, N. W. corner Fourth and Market streets; Wm. N. Allen, N. E. corner Fourth and Pine streets; John G. Brown, N. E. corner Third and Vine streets; Joseph Bullock, No. 258 South Second street; Thomas Evans, N. E. corner Third and Spruce streets, B. D. Johnson & P. Taylor, No. 240 Market street; Charles Ritz, S. W. corner Fifth and Shippen streets; E. J. Myers, N. W. corner Fourth and Vine streets; Thomas R. W. Zeitler, N. W. Fifth and Christian streets; Elisha Crowell, N. E. corner Fifth and South streets.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed to those who purchase by the gross or dozen. oct. 29—ruftmo

Dr. Hull's Patent Truss.

For the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.

DR. A. G. HULL respectfully informs those labouring under this complaint, that his highly approved Truss, adapted to the different species of the complaint to which adults and children are subject, may be obtained at the office, No. 126 North Eighth street, where professional attention will be given to the treatment of the complaint, in all its varieties. may 19—1yeo

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